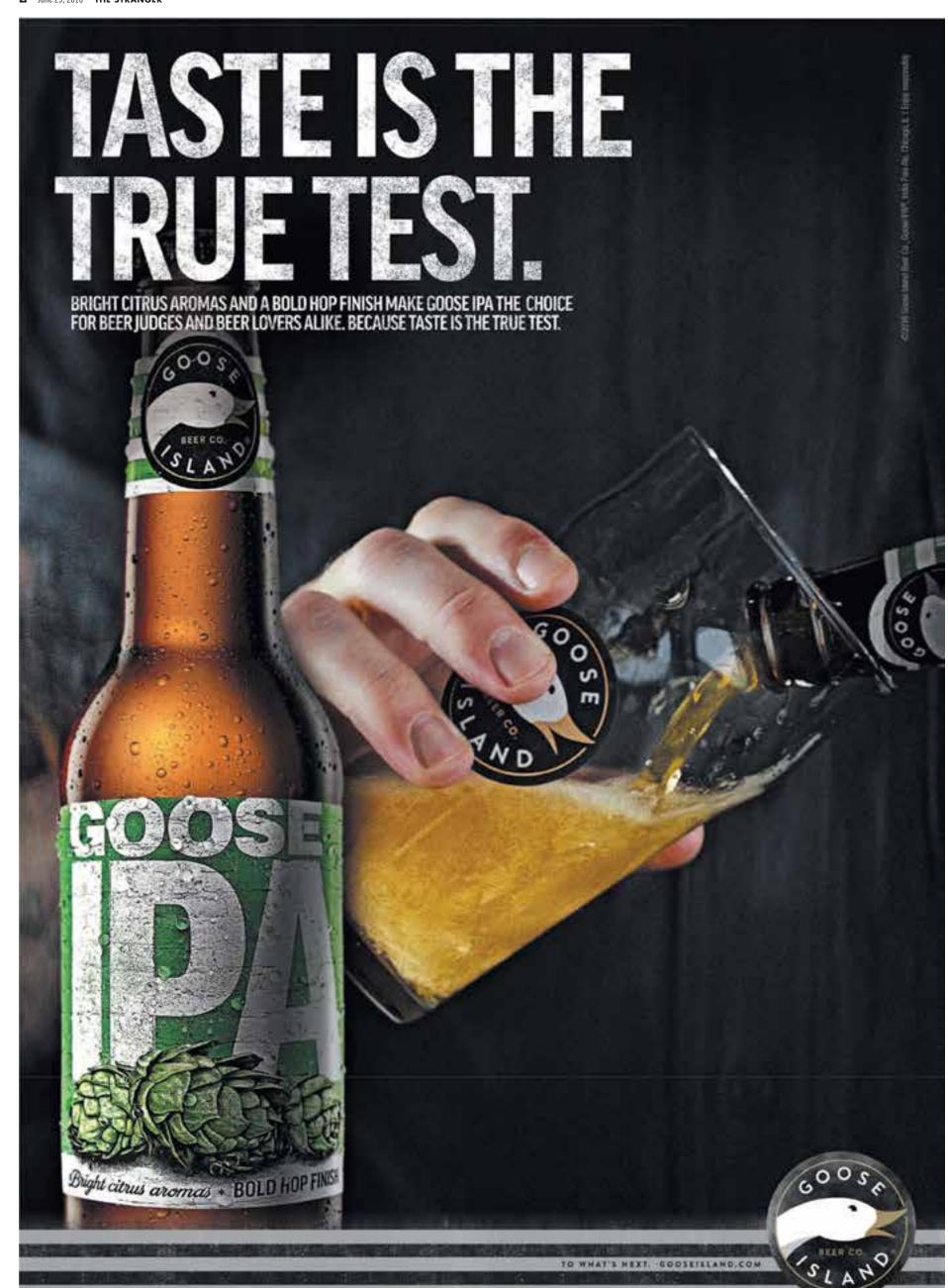
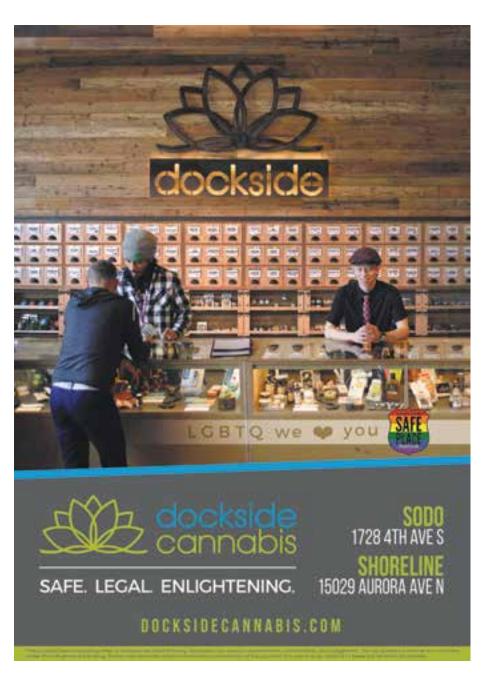
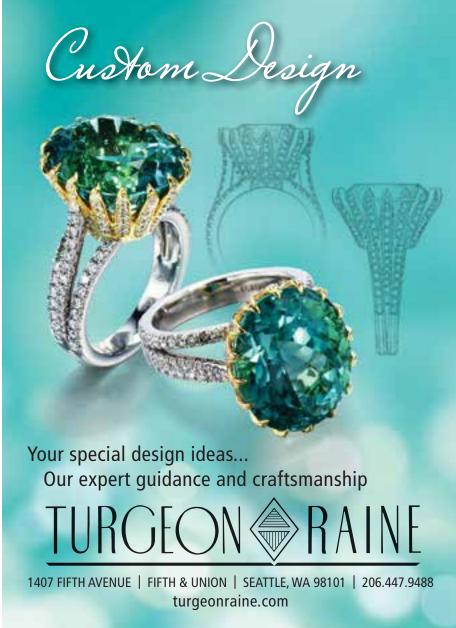
POT THE STATE'S MADE \$230,063,875 PRIDE WE SAW YOU P. 7 POETRY RICH SMITH ON MAGED ZAHER P. 36



















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the Stranger

Volume 25, Issue Number 44 June 29-July 5, 2016



COVER ART

Bath Time Story by **ALEXANDER MOSTOV**See more of his work at alexanderillustration.com.

WE SAW YOU

Stranger staffers saw you carrying awesome signs in the Pride Parade and getting into a drunken brawl at Tacos Guaymas ... page 7

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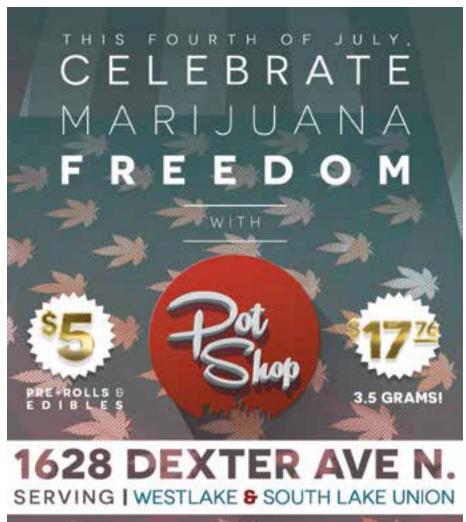
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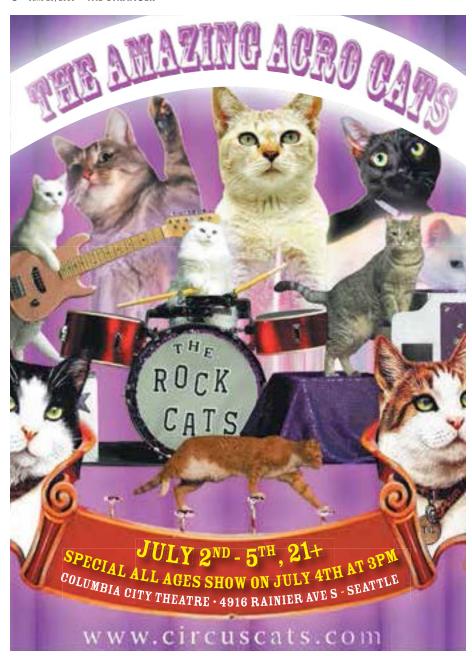
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OKAY THEN A chalk message on Capitol Hill seen the day after Pride.

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BROS-BE-GONE

Your trio of bros approached me and my girlfriend on Friday night and asked where you could find a strip club. You assumed the two women standing in front of you were fair game for your junior-high sophistication. We answered that, unless you were looking for Pony or Neighbours, you were in the wrong neighborhood and suggested Google Maps. Realizing the stupidity of your first attempt, one of you changed tactics and asked for a recommendation on a good place to eat. My girlfriend asked what you wanted to eat. To which one of you replied, "PUSSY!" I noticed you were futzing with your zipper while maneuvering toward a tree to piss, in front of everyone. I grabbed my girlfriend, told you all how ignorant and disgusting you were, and headed over to our group of friends. You stood on the corner of 14th and Pike and yelled at us for a few minutes. Great job being the exact stereotype of what everyone hates about the changes happening to Capitol Hill. To all disgusting, aggressive, insecure pieces of shit: No one likes you. Please fuck right off.

-Anonymous

PUTTING THE B IN LGBT

We couldn't quite see your face in the herd of people marching down the center of Fourth Avenue during Sunday's Pride Parade. We nearly missed you among the streams of balloons and bubbles. But while we couldn't see your face, we did see your brown arms holding up a sign that read "Bi Is Beautiful Too." On an emotionally difficult Pride to attend—so soon after the shootings in Orlando targeting a Latino dance night in a gay bar—your royalblue-and-magenta hand-painted sign quickly brought happy tears to our eyes. It was an important reminder to queer people of color that our sexuality is valid and that there are many identities under the LGBTQ umbrella.

SKIPPING THE PARADE IN MOUNT BAKER

During downtown's Pride Parade, you, a 4-yearold boy wearing leggings printed with fluorescent pink-and-yellow ice cream cones, proudly brought us to a room in your new house in Mount Baker. You wanted to show us the decorations you had just put on your bedroom wall. In addition to pictures of dogs dressed as police officers and fire fighters from the Nickelodeon show PAW Patrol, you had hung two photographs taken last summer at your uncles' wedding. You pointed out your favorite photo, the one of two men embracing each other in profile, wearing sharply tailored suits and matching bow ties, leaning their foreheads against each other, forever happy and in love. Then you jumped off your bed and ran off in search of banana bread.

ANOTHER SIGN OF THE TIMES

You were a pregnant woman with flawless red lipstick walking in the Pride Parade representing Christ Episcopal Church. You wore black patentleather Birkenstocks and a white clerical collar. You carried a sign reading "More Lipstick, Less Police. High Femme Clergy Against the Prison Industrial Complex." Amen, sister.

MAYOR MURRAY HAS A MOMENT

We saw Seattle mayor Ed Murray take the stage at the Cuff block party on Pride Sunday

Returning Column

You're Wrong About That— Fireworks Edition!

by Francine Colman-Gutierrez

Hi, I'm Francine Colman-Gutierrez. Here are some things you are wrong about, in honor of Independence Day. (No, not the movie. You're wrong about that, too.)

Fireworks: Actually, they're for people who wear sunglasses on the back of their head.

Fireworks: Actually, they're for people who wear Under Armour in public.

Fireworks: They're for people who drive Ford F-150 trucks but never carry anything in the back. Fireworks: They're for people named Brett, Kyle,

Fireworks: They're for people who live vicariously through fantasy football. Fireworks: For people who wear a Bluetooth—even while shooting off fireworks.

Fireworks: For people who drive shirtless.

Fireworks: For people who have ever said the phrase "You do you."

Fireworks: For people who post Instagram pictures of their back muscles.

Fireworks: For people who won't remove stickers on the brims of baseball caps.

Fireworks: For people who wear baseball caps to the side or backward.

Fireworks: For people who wear baseball caps.

Fireworks: For people who talk on their phone at the cash register.

Fireworks: For people who wear Crocs.

Fireworks: For people who aren't gay but still buy Men's Health magazine.

Fireworks: For people who use the word "bro" instead of a period.

Fireworks: For people who like Eminem.

Fireworks: For people who own at least three WSU T-shirts.

Fireworks: For people who have ever gotten angry about a soccer game. Fireworks: For people who claim to love America but mostly just shit-talk it.

Fireworks: For people who like to make out on a blanket as fireworks explode in

the sky overhead. I hate those motherfuckers.

and deliver an astutely short speech. People were glad to see the gay mayor, sure, but there was a lot of drinking and cruising and dancing still to be done—plus any time the mayor took up was just one more delay in the rest of us getting to hear from MC Alaska Thunderfuck. Acknowledging this, the mayor gave what appeared to be a three-sentence speech. (Granted, we may not have counted super accurately given the beer pitcher we were holding.) Sentence 1: Here's my husband, Michael! Sentence 2: After Orlando, we can't give in to fear, and being at the Cuff is a refusal to give in to fear! Sentence 3: Also, don't forget that what we're here to celebrate is diversity! And that was it. Given the wild reaction as Murray left the stage, it may have been the best speech of his tenure.

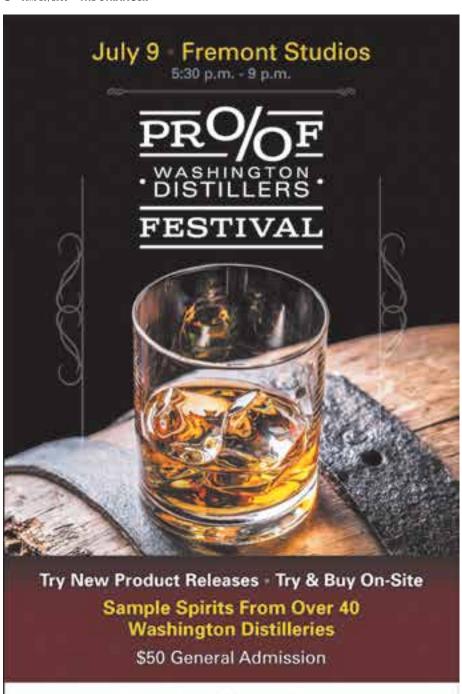
IN HONOR OF THE BEST SPEECH **OF MAYOR MURRAY'S TENURE**

Here's a photo of him posing with a dog at the parade.



AND NOW TO RUIN THAT WARM AND FUZZY FEELING

We saw you, a gay man in your early 30s, we'd guess, weary from a long night of drinking and celebration, eyeliner smudged, just trying to get your burrito on with your boyfriend at the Tacos Guaymas on Broadway on Saturday night. An alarmingly drunk girl behind you in line raised her voice—she might have doubted your ability to pay, spewed (possibly homophobic?) insults, or just directed some incoherent, unfocused anger your way. We couldn't quite hear. And then, seemingly unprovoked, she slapped youclumsily, repeatedly, as we watched paralyzed with fear. "Look at that mess of a blonde-ass bitch," you said, just before she fell dramatically into a stranger's lap and onto a table full of guacamole. "She fell! BYE-BYE! Yeah, get some food on your white dress!" you shouted as she stumbled. At that point you had, by all accounts, won. We cheered her imminent departure from Tacos Guaymas and were about to ask if you were all right. But no. That was not the end of it. "Bye, Russia!" you hollered, retaliating as she was dragged out the door, sobbing. If you hadn't added, "Go back to where you came from!" her boyfriend may not have stormed back inside. But you did. and then her boyfriend tried to beat you with a chair. We couldn't decide whose side we were on. We were on no one's side. We were on the side of everyone who was sad to see that (duh) fighting hatred with more hatred just leads to late-night brawls in Mexican restaurants and interviews with the SPD. It would have been nice to see someone walk out with their dignity intact, but nope.



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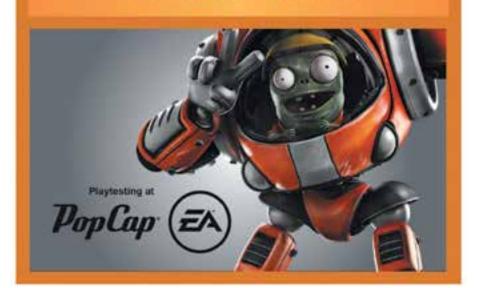


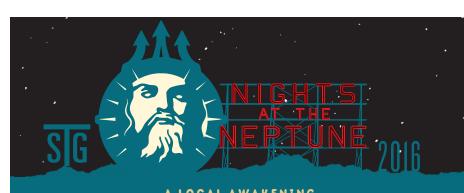
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Anti-Trans Signature Gatherers Show Up at Pride

Signature Gatherers Are Being Told to Give People Few Details About Their Anti-Trans Ballot Initiative—And If They Tell You I-1515 Is a "Fair Vote for Coed Bathrooms," They're Lying

BY SYDNEY BROWNSTONE

ccording to the online resource guide for Just Want Privacy signature gatherers, it's prudent to "say as little as possible about the details" of the initiative and not to mention any of the proposed anti-trans ballot measure's "controversial aspects."

The next bullet point suggests that signature gatherers "could even persuade people who do not totally agree with the initiative" to sign the petition by saying this: "Would you like to support an initiative that would allow the people of Washington to vote on privacy issues regarding women and children?

The I-1515 campaign is being run by the same people who fought gav marriage in 2012, and the proposed ballot measure $\,$ would repeal state human rights protections for transgender people in bathrooms and locker rooms. (The proposed ballot measure takes an additional step of mandating that K-12 public schools have gender-segregated bathrooms, and then makes it legal for parents to sue public schools for allowing transgender students to use the gender-segregated bathrooms that don't correspond with the gender they

were assigned at birth.) As written, there's little room to interpret the proposed measure as anything but a conservative attempt to legitimize fear of trans people.

But you wouldn't necessarily know these details from encountering an I-1515 signature gatherer in the wild.

The I-1515 campaign

is being run by

the same people

who fought gay

marriage in 2012.

As time ticks down to the July 8 deadline for Just Want Privacy to gather enough signatures to qualify for the November ballot, reports have been trickling in about I-1515 signature gathallegedly using dubious methods to get

people to sign. It's unclear how much of this is due to misinformed signature gatherers or the design of the signature-gathering process itself.

It's no secret that most ballot initiative campaigns rely on paid signature gatherers who may not fully understand what they're asking people to sign. Just Want Privacy is no different: On June 27, Just Want Privacy sent out a campaign fundraising e-mail announcing that paid signature prices had tripled and they needed help paying for their professional signature gathering firm.

The paid signature element might explain why signature gatherers for an anti-trans ballot measure showed up in the heart of the gayborhood during Pride. "They are re-

porting they got another 30,000 signatures over the weekend," Monisha Harrell, chair of Equal Rights Washington, said. "That's expected. They were doing a big church push." What was less expected: running into three I-1515 signature gatherers while attend-

ing Pride. Harrell said that she also spoke to some people who signed the petition, only to realize later what it actually was.

The week before Pride, The Stranger also received multiple reports of an I-1515 signature gatherer on Capitol Hill who was asking passersby to sign a bundle of progressive causes. Several people who started signing the petitions were surprised to learn that I-1515 was at the bottom of the pile. Still,

one Capitol Hill signature gatherer assured a Stranger staffer that adding her name to the petition would be asking for "a fair vote for coed bathrooms."

Bundling initiatives isn't uncommon, according to secretary of state communications director David Ammons, but usually people bundle progressive causes and conservative ones separately.

"I don't think there's any particular regulation on that, but definitely we urge 'voter beware," Ammons said. "Consumers need to watch what they're signing, especially if there's more than one [petition] to look at. At that point, it doesn't violate a law, but it definitely violates the spirit of accuracy in campaigning.'

In 2012, Washington State started requiring political campaigns to list their top five donors on advertising material. If this rule applied to signature gathering, people might see that one of Just Want Privacy's top donors is Cedar Park Church, a Bothell evangelical organization with a history of fighting against marriage equality. The statute, however, maintains a gray area on initiative petitions and conservative forces have mobilized to keep top donor listings off the forms during this election season.

Earlier this year, Joseph Backholm, the chair of the Just Want Privacy campaign, called the state Public Disclosure Commission (PDC) to ask if listing donors was required on initiative petitions. According to Jim Camden at the Spokesman-Review, PDC spokeswoman Lori Anderson interpreted the broad statute to mean that initiative petitions should list campaign donors, "This sent shock waves through the initiative industry like a rupture in the Cascadia Subduction Zone," Camden wrote.

Not long after Backholm's inquiry, state senator Pam Roach (R-Auburn), a Tim Eyman supporter, demanded that the attorney general look into the matter. She noted that there had been no legislative hearings on a rule that would apply to initiative petitions, and she called Anderson's interpretation of the statute "unfair," as initiative campaigns were already under way.

The attorney general's informal opinion explained Anderson's reasoning: Because initiative petitions often contain content that could meet the definition of "political advertising," the "top 5" rule could potentially apply to them. At the same time, the attornev general noted that a reasonable person could argue that an initiative petition isn't the same kind of advertising as T-shirts, skywriting, newspaper ads, billboards, or signs. The attorney general's office concluded that the rule could go one way or the other, depending on the content of the initiative petition itself.

But regardless of how I-1515 is pitched to the public by signature gatherers, campaign e-mails to Just Want Privacy supporters show a more overtly religious tone. "Just Want Privacy needs every person who believes in God's created order—He created them; male and female He created them—to sign the I-1515 petition and be gathering signatures from the grassroots army sitting in the pews beside them," a recent campaign e-mail instructed followers.

It continued: "We stand not just for the privacy and protection of women and girls, but for the Truth as God declares it to be." ■

Additional reporting by Heidi Groover



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Ride the Ducks Cites "Discriminatory" Law to **Deny Relief to Families** of Crash Victims

The Parents of 20-Year-Old Haram Kim Are Challenging the Law's Constitutionality

BY ANSEL HERZ

ide the Ducks, the tour company fined \$308,000 by state regulators after one of its vehicles caused a fatal crash on Highway 99 last fall, is citing a century-old Washington law in an effort to dismiss a Korean family's wrongful death lawsuit.

The family calls the law discriminatory—a vestige of anti-Asian racism in the early 20th century, they say-and their attorney claims it is the only law of its kind in the country.

Twenty-year-old Haram Kim was one of five international students studying at North Seattle College who died in the crash on September 24, 2015. They were on a field trip to Pike Place Market. A Ducks tour operator-driving and narrating simultaneously (a practice since banned by the Seattle City Council)—lost control, and the angular front end of the vehicle slammed into a bus traveling the opposite direction.

Kim was sitting on the driver's side of the

After the crash, her parents, Soon Won Kim and Ju Hee Jeong, flew to Seattle immediately. They held their daughter's hands as she passed away on September 28, according to the lawsuit. She was the eldest of three siblings.

However: An amendment to Washington's wrongful death law added in 1909 allows only parents "who are resident within the United States" at the time of death to claim damages.

"We are desperately seeking the way to nullify this evil discriminatory law," Kim's parents said, in a translated statement sent

In a motion to dismiss the parents' lawsuit against the company, Ride the Ducks argued "the parents do not qualify as statutory beneficiaries." In a separate letter, the company said it would refuse to cover anything beyond medical and burial costs and a nominal amount representing the estate.

In response, in May, the Kim family challenged the constitutionality of the state law in federal court. They believe it violates both the state constitution and the US Constitution's Equal Protection Clause.

"We are simply following the laws that govern these sorts of actions," said Ride the Ducks attorney Pat Buchanan in a statement to The Stranger.

This is not the first time the law has come under fire for being antiquated and exclusionary.

"We've been down [in Olympia] for many years trying to get this changed," said Steve Bulzomi, a private attorney and member of the Washington State Association of Justice. "At the last minute, there have been votes

Bulzomi said local municipalities, fearful of greater legal exposure, have been the main source of opposition to reforming the law. He said other parts of the statute are unfair: The law grants damages to the parents of children, but the moment a young adult turns 18, they're entitled to nothing but the worth of the person's estate—often a paltry sum.

"All these young kids from Asia," he said,



DUCKING RESPONSIBILITY The law

talking about the five students killed in the Ride the Ducks crash. "Nobody's going to collect anything."

The parents of Mami Sato, another North Seattle College student who died in the crash, filed their own lawsuit against Ride the Ducks on June 14. Sato had been in the country just four days; her family lives in Japan. They too are likely to be denied relief under the law.

"We have to overcome this law before they can sit at the same table as everyone else," said William Schroeder, the Kim family's attorney. "It's, on its face, nativist. It's a kind of Donald Trump's America thing."

The statute was passed in 1909, Schroeder argues, in response to a foreign dockworker's family's recovery of damages from the International Contract Company. The case went to the Washington State Supreme Court, which rejected the company's attempts to evade liability: "We cannot think that workmen were intended to be less protected if their mothers happen to live abroad," the court wrote, citing the "very large amount of foreign labor employed in this state."

Three months later, the legislature overrode the court by amending the law at the urging of the company's attorney, Schroeder argues, "during a period of xenophobic (and particularly anti-Asian) sentiment.

Today, companies like Amazon and Microsoft routinely hire hundreds of employees from India, China, Japan, and Korea on H-1B visas. The employees often leave their parents back home, unwittingly exposing themselves and their families to an unusual level of risk in Washington State. In Seattle, growing numbers of foreign students attend the colleges and universities, and the city is known for welcoming refugees and immigrants to its ranks. Asked for comment on the law's residency requirement, a spokesperson for Mayor Ed Murray said the mayor "supports the state legislature reconsidering its impact."

A hearing in the Kim family's case is scheduled for September. \blacksquare

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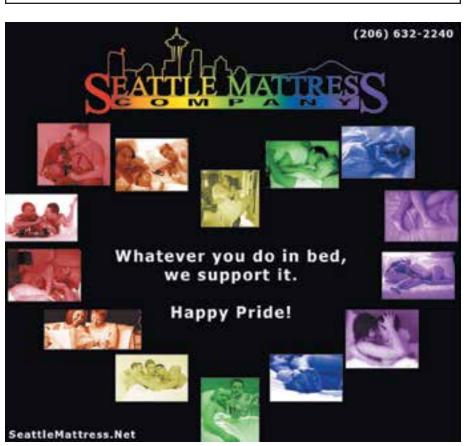
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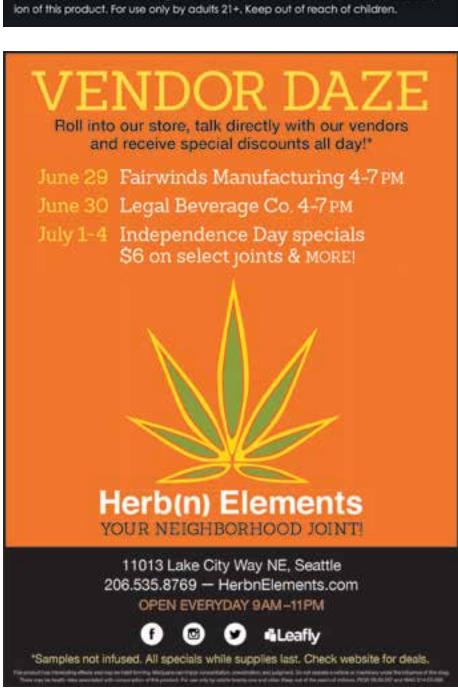




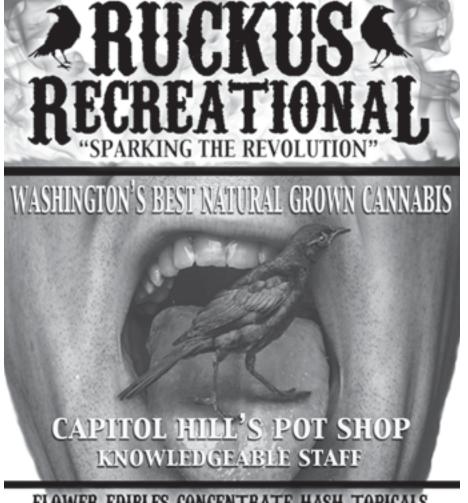


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Can Seattle Use Pot Taxes to Help the Homeless?

BY TOBIAS COUGHLIN-BOGUE

fter two years of legal cannabis sales, Washington State has collected \$230,063,875 in marijuana excise taxes, according to 502data.com. This exceeds proiections by quite a bit—nearly twice as much. or \$34 million, in the first year of sales alone.

In Aurora, Colorado, officials decided to spend \$1.5 million of their pot tax revenue on homelessness, which has gotten people here starting to wonder what we're doing with our millions. Recently, I was on Blabbermouth, The Stranger's weekly podcast, when a caller asked if Seattle could use its pot taxes to help the homeless.

The short answer is yes. All the pot tax revenue goes into the city's general fund, which the city can spend as it pleases. But the city hasn't received as much money as you might think. Additionally, much of this revenue is already earmarked for certain

The current state budget includes \$6 million per year for cities and counties to do "marijuana enforcement." That money is dis-

bursed based on retail sales and the presence (or absence) of bans and moratoriums. In fiscal year 2016, Seattle received about \$383,000.

There are no restrictions on how cities can spend this money, according to Brian Smith, director of communications for the Washington Liquor

and Cannabis Board (WSLCB). The only official guideline on how municipalities can spend the enforcement funds comes from the Association of Washington Cities, in a statement last year: "Initially there was confusion on how these funds could be spent. The Municipal Research and Data Center suggests that 'monies can be deposited into the general/current expense fund where public safety appropriations typically occur."

David Mendoza, senior policy adviser with the mayor's office, said that's exactly what happened; the money was put in the general fund and spent on city employees who focus on pot enforcement and policy. He said this amount equals about \$500,000. The city estimates it will receive \$700,000 in cannabis tax revenue this year, leaving only \$200,000. "The idea that the city is netting a ton of revenue from marijuana is one that won't die," said Mendoza. "The state is the prime beneficiary, and if the legislature hadn't created a pool of... marijuana revenue for all municipalities and counties to share, we wouldn't even be getting the \$700,000."

We'll likely see even more revenue in the future. HB 2136, a cannabis market reform bill passed alongside the 2015–2016 session's Cannabis Patient Protection Act (SB 5052). set up a system under which the state distributes money to cities and counties based on similar factors to those governing the

enforcement money: \$15 million per year in 2018 and 2019, and \$20 million per year after that—30 percent of it distributed based on percentage of retail sales, 70 percent of it distributed based on population, and no money for areas with bans and moratoriums. And there are no restrictions on how those funds can be used. That, said Mendoza, is actually a good thing as far as homelessness funding goes.

"Our budget folks caution against any attempt to dedicate revenues because if [those] dedicated revenues were to fall, then we would have to cut homelessness services," he said. "By sending revenues through the general fund, we are able to prioritize during a time of recession, and typically then can better protect efforts such as homelessness services funding, as we were able to do during the last recession."

We'll receive our share of the funds mandated by HB 2136 once they've been appropriated by the legislature in the next budget cycle. While we're generating more

and more tax money because potheads are doing a great job smoking pot, smoking more pot doesn't do much for us at a local level. as the state keeps the lion's share of the take. However, that's not to say the pot tax isn't doing anything for homelessness.

"Since the marijuana revenue goes to

the general fund, it is entirely reasonable to say that indirectly it is supporting our homelessness efforts," said Mendoza. "In the 2016 budget, we increased the base budget to address homelessness by more than \$2 million. This was in addition to the one-time \$7.35 million that was added through the State of Emergency on Homelessness, collectively bringing the city's 2016 total to \$50 million to address homelessness. Without a growth in revenues (from marijuana and elsewhere), the city would not be able to do more for homelessness without taking reductions from other city services."

There's also an illegal cannabis delivery service that actually donates pot to the homeless (and does LGBTQ activism, too!). If you're a strictly legal buyer, Stash in Ballard is also big on working with the homeless and recently announced plans to do some outreach and volunteering with the city-sanctioned homeless encampments in their hood. But if you really want to fight homelessness with pot, the best way to do it might be at City Hall. First smoke some pot to prepare for the tedium, and then mosey on down to a city council meeting, sign up for public comment, and call for more funding.

For more information about Washington's pot taxes, listen to this week's episode of Blabbermouth, which is available on iTunes.



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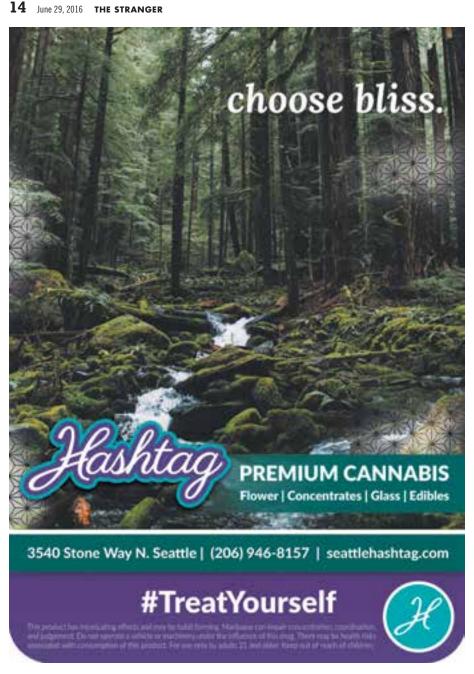


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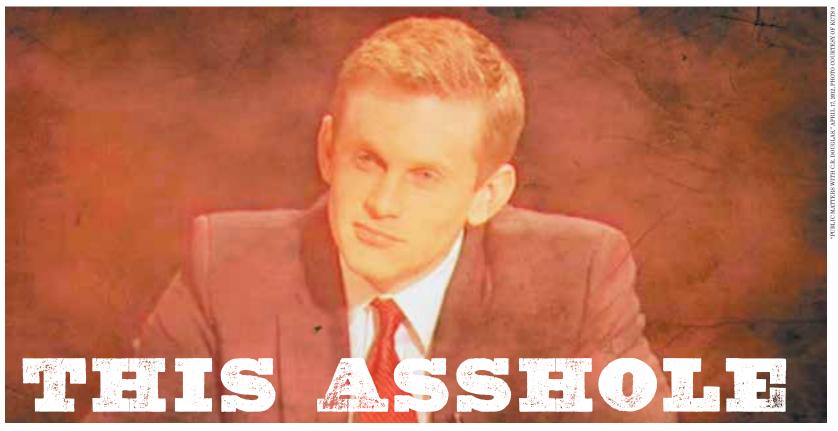
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The Family Policy Institute's Joseph Backholm Is Back— He's Still Attacking LGBTQ People, He's Still Getting Paid to Hate, and He's Still a Huge Asshole. By Heidi Groover

eet Joseph Backholm. That's him in the photo up there: lawyer, son of a pastor, a man who had his ass handed to him by voters in 2012—more on that in a moment—and currently Washington State's most prominent anti-trans bigot.

Backholm works for the Family Policy Institute of Washington. He also heads Just Want Privacy, the campaign committee gathering signatures for Initiative 1515, which would allow businesses to discriminate against trans people by not allowing them to use bathrooms and locker rooms that match their gender identity.

Initiative 1515 is far-reaching. Along with repealing a state Human Rights Commission rule allowing transgender people to use the bathroom in which they feel comfortable and allowing businesses to discriminate, it would allow students to sue their schools if trans kids use bathrooms that don't match their assigned gender at birth.

Just Want Privacy claims allowing trans people to pee where they should will open the door for male predators to waltz into women's restrooms and locker rooms and assault little girls with impunity—despite the fact that there's zero evidence of trans people harassing cis people in bathrooms and despite the fact that offenses like sexual assault and voyeurism, in bathrooms or anywhere else, are already illegal. In fact, trans people are more likely to be survivors of assault. One in two trans people is sexually assaulted or abused at some point in their lives, according to the Department of Justice's Office for Victims of Crime

While Backholm's supporters have been gathering signatures for I-1515 at churches across the state, opponents have put together a broad-based coalition to try to stop him. In the face of that opposition, Backholm has only become a bigger asshole.

In June, Backholm told signature gatherers for I-1515 that if women weren't willing to sign their petition, signature gatherers should follow them into the bathrooms and ask again. Backholm dismissed it as a "joke"—"It was obvious to all that we are not seriously encouraging people to gather signatures inside restrooms," he said in an e-mail—but the county sheriff, state attorney general. and LGBTQ activists warned that following women into bathrooms is illegal.

Already, trans people in Washington are "significantly more fearful" because of Backholm and the Just Want Privacy campaign, says Danni Askini, executive director of the trans advocacy group Gender Justice League. "There definitely is a sense that there's more attention on gender nonconforming people in public spaces. People $\,$ are afraid to participate in public or just go out in public.

The campaign has really created a huge sense of fear that people are in danger, even if the law doesn't pass.'

f you've been paying attention in Washington State over the last decade, Backholm's name should ring a bell.

As head of the Lynnwood-based Family Policy Institute of Washington (FPIW), Backholm is a professional right-wing asshole. The FPIW unsuccessfully fought domestic partnerships for same-sex couples and then unsuccessfully fought to block marriage rights for samesex couples; the FPIW has campaigned against abortion rights, defended conversion therapy, and protected people who refuse to vaccinate their children for religious reasons. The group offers "Olympia 101" trainings to teach conservatives how to lobby in the state legislature and runs a blog, YouTube channel, and podcast.

"There aren't that many groups on the conservative side [in Washington State]. The Family Policy Institute is the most outspoken," says Collin Jergens, communications director for Fuse Washington, the progressive organization that recently recorded Backholm saving signature gatherers should follow women into bathrooms. Jergens, who calls Backholm "unhinged," says, "He has been espousing hate and discrimination against members of our community for years."

In 2009, Backholm and the Family Policy Institute helped lead the charge against domestic partnerships in Washington, which gave couples the same state rights granted by marriage. After losing that fight at the ballot box (voters approved domestic partnerships with 53 percent of the vote), he then pointed to the existence of the domestic partnerships he tried to block to argue against gay marriage in 2012.

Same-sex couples didn't need marriage, he claimed, because domestic partnerships already gave them all the same rights as married couples—and allowing gay marriage would "send a message to fathers and potential fathers in this state that it isn't important for them to be in the lives of their children because dads, specifically, don't matter," Backholm said in testimony to the state legislature in January 2012.

In a KCTS debate featuring Backholm, now-mayor Ed Murray, and others on both sides of the issues, Backholm claimed children "do better" when raised by a mother and father. When The Stranger's Dan Savage interrupted, saving, "That's bullshit," the host asked Backholm for his "basis" for the assertion. "I think it's observable reality," Backholm replied. In fact, it's very clearly not reality. A mountain of research has shown children with gay parents fare no worse than children with straight parents.

And just like he had lost in 2009, Backholm's arguments lost again in 2012. Marriage equality passed statewide with almost 54 percent of the vote. Same-sex marriage was on the ballot in four states that year, and LGBTQ advocates won in all four states—but the win in Washington had the biggest margin. Backholm isn't just the state's most recognizable anti-gay activist, but a completely ineffectual one.

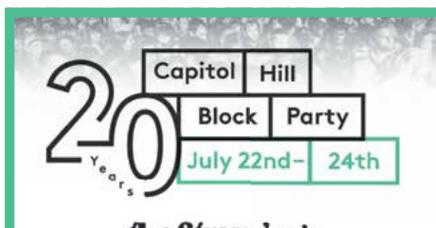
While the FPIW was fighting LGBTQ rights at the ballot box—because that's where the money is—they were also lobbying the state legislature. In the organization's nine-year history, it has:

- Supported defining life as beginning at conception.
- · Opposed legislation expanding access to birth control for poor women, with Backholm claiming women already had enough access to contraception.
- Opposed a telemedicine bill because the group claimed it would allow "webcam abortions" and a bill requiring insurance companies that cover maternity care to also cover abortions.
- Repeatedly supported requirements that minors who get abortions notify their parents. Backholm dismissed concerns about teens who may be put in danger by having to tell their parents they were pregnant.
- · Supported a bill about "informed decision making" for the state's Death with Dignity Act. Like abortion counseling laws, that bill would have required doctors to inform patients about a laundry list of "feasible alternatives" before patients were able to access the drugs for assisted suicide.

Today, as he fights the bathroom rule, this asshole Backholm is also working to undermine trans people's existence, arguing that trans women are really just men "pretending" to be women. Last year, during a speech at a leadership conference for "young conservatives," Backholm compared trans people to the story of "The Emperor's New Clothes."

"I once thought that story was useful as an illustration but patently absurd," Backholm said. "No parade would gather to celebrate the new clothes of a naked emperor—until Bruce Jenner. And we now have a nation celebrating the fiction that a man is now a woman."

Backholm and the FPIW are also criticizing the Washington Office of Superintendent of Public Instruction over new learning standards. Those standards say kindergarten students should "understand there are many ways to express gender," third graders should learn that "gender roles can vary considerably" and "understand [the] importance of treating others with respect regarding gender identity," and fourth graders \blacktriangleright



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■ will learn the definition of sexual orientation.

The FPIW's response: "It is frightening to think that students who hold traditional beliefs about gender and sexual identity may have to choose between accepting politically correct talking points or failing assignments and being ostracized by school administrators."

But for many gay and trans people, what's frightening is the political climate created by those "traditional beliefs," a climate in which gunmen have attacked a Planned Parenthood in Colorado Springs and a gay nightclub in Orlando. While anti-trans rhetoric spews from campaigns like Backholm's, trans people are dying. Nationally, more trans people were murdered in 2015 than any other year advocates have kept track—and most of those victims were women of color, according to a report from the Human Rights Campaign.

The deep-blue Puget Sound region where the City of Seattle requires all public single-occupancy bathrooms to be gender neutral—is not exempt. According to a recent Seattle Times report, 72 hate crimes or other incidents against LGBTQ people were reported to the Seattle police last year; double the number reported during the previous year.

On June 22, a transgender person said they were beaten on Capitol Hill as they left a fundraiser for Pulse, the gay nightclub in Orlando where a gunman killed 49 people less than two weeks earlier. The victim, Michael Volz, told reporters the attack was "not an isolated

ashington has voted for the Democratic presidential candidate in every election since the 1980s, when the state helped elect and reelect Ronald Reagan. It's been just as long since we've had a Republican governor. Washington is among the least religious states in the country, according to a Gallup survey about church attendance. The state added sexual orientation to its nondiscrimination law in 2006. In other words: In Washington, the right is losing the culture war. Yet Backholm's organization is raking in more money than ever before.

Tax documents show the FPIW's revenues have grown from about \$206,000 in 2011 to \$364,000 in 2014. The bathroom bill campaign, Just Want Privacy, has raised about \$149,000, with the biggest donations coming from Cedar Park Assembly of God Church in Bothell, a developer in Lynnwood named Larry Sundquist, and James Mischel Jr., the CEO of a mirror manufacturer in Everett who in 2014 filed a Supreme Court brief supporting companies fighting the birth-control mandate in the Affordable Care Act.

Recently, the campaign announced a new \$50,000 donation to help it pay for signature gatherers, plus an offer from a donor who pledged to match any individual donations up to \$50,000. (Because the group hasn't yet reported that money to the state, it's not clear who donated it.)

In 2014, Backholm was one of only two paid staff according to IRS filings. Today, the Family Policy Institute website lists four staffers. (Tax information for 2015 is not yet available.) Backholm makes about \$95,000 a year for his work attacking LGBTQ people in Washington State—and women, and minors, and dying people.

Nearly one hundred thousand dollars a year: Not bad money for being a professional asshole.

Although Backholm and the FPIW have continually lost big fights in Washington, "bathroom" arguments have been potent in other states and cities, where the pro-LGBTQ movement has been caught flat-footed. That's why the campaign against I-1515, which has raised money and support from major businesses like Amazon, is so significant. Washington Won't Discriminate has raised about \$80,000 in inkind donations and \$53,000 in cash, including money from prominent local unions and the ACLU of Washington.

Backholm, meanwhile, is benefitting not only from politicians who are enthusiastically supportive of his positions but also from those who are silently complicit.

Republican gubernatorial candidate Bill Bryant—the Washington GOP's pick for the highest office in the state—has refused to take a clear side on the issue. But the Washington State GOP platform has drifted right in recent years and now includes a section about gender identity. The most recent version of the platform opposes "sex education, homosexual, bisexual, transsexual education, or any other sexual education alternatives."

Just Want Privacy has also benefited from "coopting the narrative of survivors" of sexual assault, says Askini, of Gender Justice League.

"When it comes to publicity and press, they put survivors of sexual assault out in front," Askini says. "It kind of has erased the fact that trans people are far more likely than cis people to be survivors of violence. It takes the air out of our ability to present that [argument]. We end up in a conversation of survivors debating over these nuances rather than addressing the structural things that cause rape culture."

The Just Want Privacy campaign has until July 8 to gather about 250,000 valid signatures in order to qualify for the ballot. The group's website says they've gathered 94,000 signatures, but in a since-deleted Facebook post, the group claimed to have 130,000. Backholm, who would respond to The Stranger only by e-mail. dodged the signature question and wrote only: "It changes daily."

he fight between supporters and opponents of Backholm's initiative came to a head at a recent Just Want Privacy event in Tacoma, where LGBTQ activists interrupted, shouting: "Trans women are women!" and "Stop scapegoating trans people!" After the event, Backholm said on his podcast that the event showed how progressives are "social terrorists."

"There is no line of incivility they will not cross to prevent you from communicating what you believe and being engaged in the process,"

But Backholm has been ducking debates, even in more controlled settings. Askini says that in several instances, including a since-canceled interview on CNN. Backholm has refused to debate her, instead insisting that he debate a man or that Askini debate a woman from the Just Want Privacy campaign.

Backholm denies ever asking a man to represent Askini's side but confirms that he declined a CNN "conversation piece" after the network would not do the piece with a sexual assault survivor instead of Backholm. He says the CNN reporter "was hoping to make Danni look sympathetic."

Backholm's campaign Askini savs "didn't like look of a man—the head of their organization, a white, cis, born again Christian"—debating her.

But make no mistake: Backholm is at the forefront of this movement in Washington.

He believes gay people are harmful for children and trans people are a "fiction." If I-1515 $\,$ makes it to the November ballot, he will peddle the same anti-trans bigotry that his counterparts have peddled in every other state with a 'bathroom debate." He will claim—without evidence—that allowing trans people a safe place to pee actually gives cover to straight men who want to prey on women and girls. He will claim that trans people are dangerous, that his efforts do not threaten their already vulnerable lives, and that women will be unsafe without his initiative's protection. And, like all of his claims that have come before, these will be lies.

What an asshole. \blacksquare

 $Additional\ reporting\ by\ Sydney\ Brownstone$



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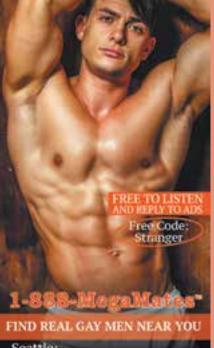
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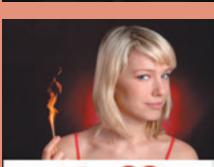
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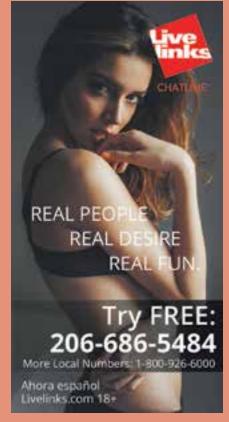


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SAVAGE LOVE

Douche Moves BY DAN SAVAGE

Is it a super douchey move to pretend to be a $lesbian\ to\ avoid\ unwanted\ male\ attention?\ I'm$ a straight single woman in my mid-30s and a very plausible lesbian in terms of sartorial stereotypes. Occasionally a guy will hit on me in an awkward or creepy way, and I'll trot out a

line about "not being into men." Most recently I used this pose when a courier broke down in $my\ driveway\ and\ I\ invited\ him$ $in \ for \ a \ glass \ of \ water \ while \ he$ waited for the tow truck. It was really uncomfortable and a little threatening when—after establishing that I lived alone he asked me out. I guess I use this as an excuse so as not to $hurt\ their\ feelings,\ but\ also\ to$ shut the conversation down as quickly as possible if I'm feel-

ing vulnerable. Is this a harmless white lie or a major cop-out that would offend actual lesbians? Can you suggest some better strategies for when you're feeling cornered by a dude you're $not\ interested\ in?$

Lady's Entirely Zany Identity Enquiry

"I'm not offended by this," said someone I thought was an actual lesbian.

I shared your question with this person—a woman I thought was an actual lesbian—because I wasn't offended by it either, but wanted to check with an actual lesbian just to be safe. Turns out my friend doesn't identify as a lesbian, but as a woman-who-loves-women-but-does-notidentify-as-a-lesbian-because-she-sometimesfinds-the-odd-dude-hot. So for the record: My friend is speaking for the WWLWBDNIAAL-BSSFTODH community here—which often intersects/sexts with the lesbian communityand not the lesbian community.

"But even though I'm not offended by it, I have to say I've found the 'I'm into women' line to be totally ineffective," said my not-a-lesbian friend. "The creeps I've used it on get even more riled up after hearing that line. Sometimes I check out and start ignoring these creeps as if they're wallpaper, but that can rile them up too. Same with a polite 'I'm not interested.' The only success I've had with warding off creeps is by actually yelling at them, asking them if they'd like to be treated the way they're treating me, and if their mothers, sisters, et cetera, would appreciate that treatment."

My not-a-lesbian friend—who, as it turns out, identifies more strongly with the term "bisexual" than she does WWLWBDNIAAL-BSSFTODH—has also had some luck with the lose-your-shit strategy (e.g., screaming, yelling, and waving your arms around like a crazy person). "You kind of have to treat these people like bears at a campsite," said my actually-a-bisexual friend. "You have to make yourself big and loud and scary so they don't get closer. Because they will get closer."

A dear young friend has recently started being a stripper for work. I won't lie: It tears me up. All I feel is sadness and worry—such a nice soul for what I feel is a not-so-nice environment. I really hope I'm wrong. Is there any way in which this can be okay? I worry for the sake of a nice person getting her ass handed to her too often $and\ potentially\ breaking\ beyond\ repair.\ My\ gut$ emotion is that it doesn't matter how well you handle these situations—what matters is the fact that you see too much ugliness, too often, and get to a point where you forget that there are actually nice humans out there. How well can anyone handle this?

My Endangered Lady

I suspect she's handling it better than you are, MEL. And I would recommend minding your own business, backing the fuck off, and googling 'white knight syndrome." But if your conscience requires you to say something, say something that opens up a conversation, rather than some

thing so larded with shame, fear, and judgment that it shuts the conversation down. Instead of "Oh my God! What were you thinking?! You'll be shredded emotionally and sexually! You could break beyond repair!" try something like "Stripping isn't something I would feel comfort-

able doing myself. But I'm your friend, and if you need to talk with someone about your new job—if you need to decompress or vent-I'm here for you.'

I've been lying to myself. I told myself that stability and friendship were more important to me than sex. I've been with my husband for 12 years, and we've been married for five of those. We were best friends, and I was $already\ in\ love\ before\ we\ started$

dating and before we ever had sex. I should have known in the beginning that we weren't sexually $compatible, but I \ chose \ to \ ignore \ it \ (or I \ chose \ sta$ bility and friendship). I chose my best friend and have been suffering ever since. Luckily, I listen to your advice on a regular basis, and I've started having more open conversations about my feelings and my wants and needs. About a year ago, mu husband and I decided to open our relationship. This was all my idea, and I'm not sure he's fully into it. We agreed to a "don't ask, don't tell" policy. A month ago, I finally acted on it. I met someone in an open relationship and had sex with them. It was amazing—everything about it. In the end, I didn't feel guilty, but I did want to tell my husband. I still feel the need to get his approval, but I also know that he doesn't want to hear it. If he gave me the go-ahead, even though everything was my idea, should I feel guilty—or just happy for finally getting what I needed from someone? Are there baby steps I can take to tell $my\ husband\ these\ things,\ or\ do\ I\ just\ keep\ them$ $to\ myself?\ I\ feel\ like\ this\ is\ saving\ our\ marriage,$ but society probably just looks at me like a cheating whore.

Feelings Are Insanely, Terribly Hard For Unsure Lovers

You have your husband's approval to do what you did, but his approval was contingent upon you not telling him what you did. Honor the commitment you made to your husband, FAITHFUL, by keeping your mouth shut. You'll doubtless have conversations in the future about your relationship and about monogamy, and you can ask him if he wants to stick with "don't ask, don't tell." If he says yes, continue to keep your mouth shut.

I'm a (mostly) straight guy in my mid-20s. For as long as I can remember, I've loved wearing women's lingerie. It turns me on, but it also makes me feel comfortable. I've never worn women's clothing in public, but I've recently been wearing it more and more around my house. It just feels right! Side note: I've also recently been obsessed with being pegged by my female partner, and I love the reversal of roles. Would I be considered genderqueer, genderfluid, or what? And would I be considered $part\ of\ the\ LGBT\ community?$

Frequently Excited Miss

Genderqueer and genderfluid aren't kinks, FEM, they're identities. And I don't know what you mean by that parenthetical "mostly" you dropped in there before "straight." If it means you're attracted to dudes—regardless of whether you've ever acted on that attraction—you would indeed be considered part of the LGBT community, under the "B" designation. But if all you meant was "My cock gets hard when I wear panties and think about getting my ass pegged by my girlfriend," then you're just another kinky straight guy.

> mail@savagelove.net@fakedansavage on Twitter

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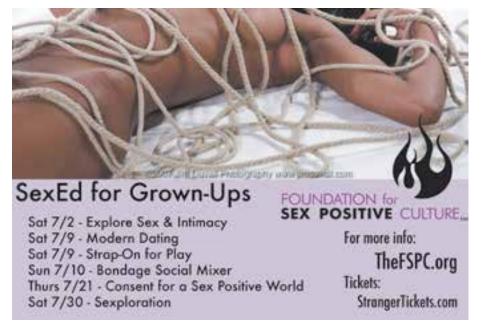
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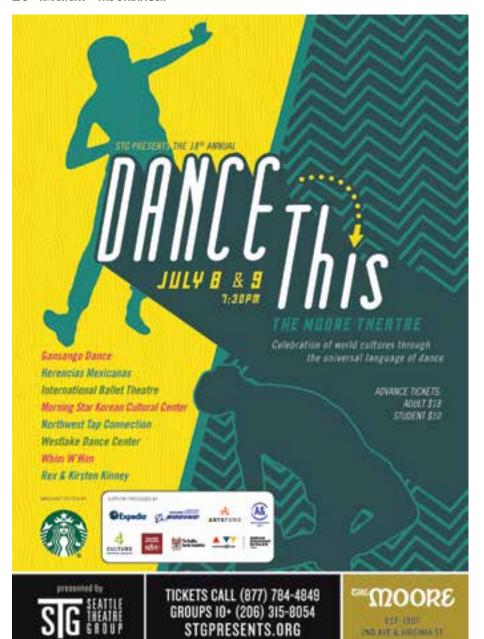


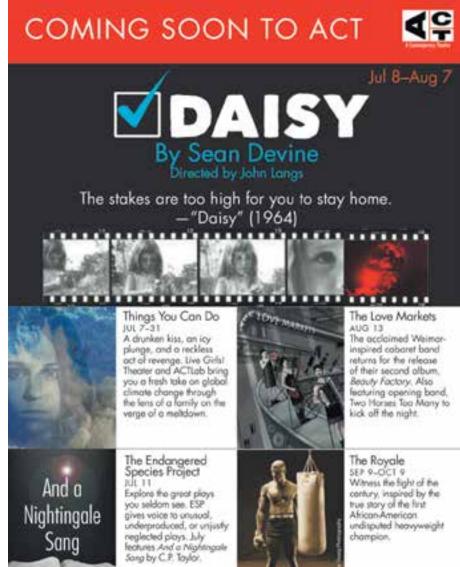


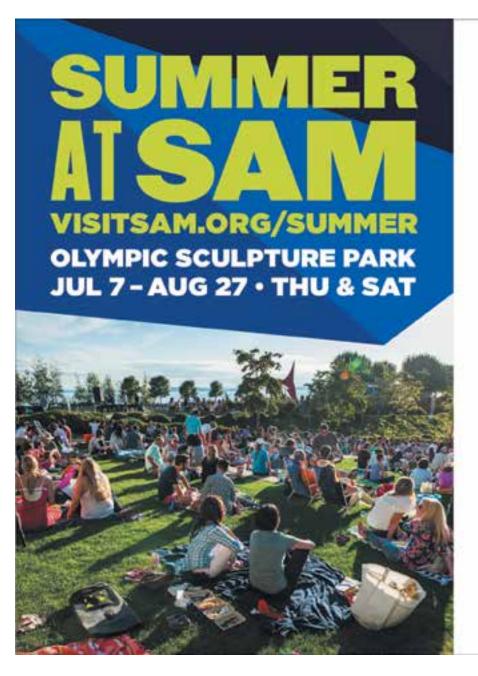












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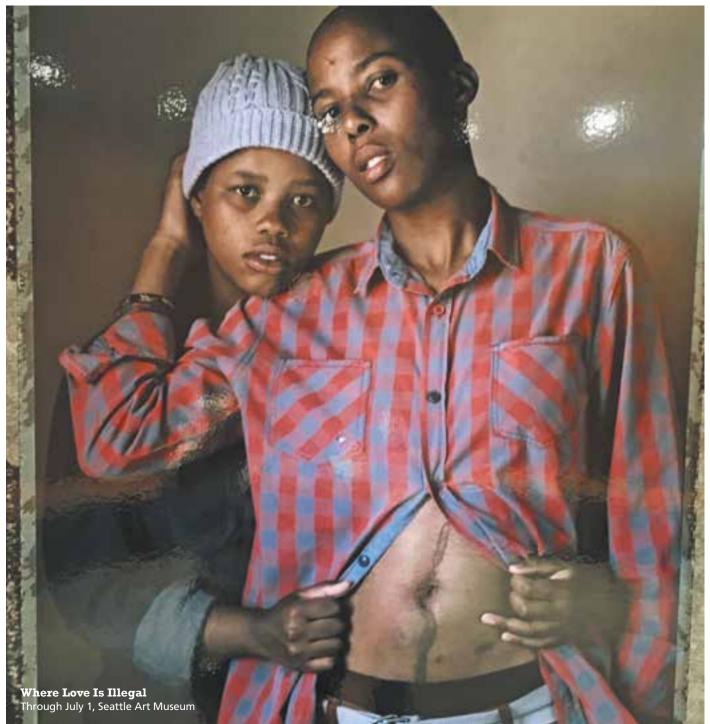
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Where Love Is Illegal

DON'T MISS Each of these photographs features a person or a pair of people (a couple, a mother and child) who by having their photograph taken and included in this series, titled Where Love Is Illegal, are declaring their identities as LGBTQI. They're also sharing their stories, printed alongside the photographs, of being persecuted where they live for being who they are. These photographs are made in defiance of everything that is not depicted in the photographs but appears in the stories: beatings, arrests, rapes, disownings, shamings, imprisonment. These aren't photographs of something, they're photographs that do something by

existing. Each person who looks at the lens is refusing to hide. They make their decision over and over again with each pair of eyes that looks at them. Are they safe to be "out" even all the way across the world from where they live in the Middle East, West Africa, Russia? Not everyone can make that decision, so some people agreed to be photographed but made sure they were depicted in the act of hiding, of living in hiding. They covered their faces or turned away, revealing concealing. These photographs carry the wish that truly being seen might mean safety, and a chance to live truly and truly live. The photographs also carry death in them. Some of the subjects are no longer alive. Photojournalist Robin Hammond traveled the world to take these portraits, and you can set eyes on them in Seattle for only a few more days, thanks to a partnership between Seattle Art Museum, the Gates Foundation, and the Pride Foundation.

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Kathleen Skeels: Gallery IMA, Tues-Sat, free, through July 2

Katie Metz: Connections: Abmever + Wood, Mon-Sat, free, through July 9 Krista Svalbonas: Bridge Productions, Wed-Sat, free, through July 2

Lu Yang: Interstitial, Sat, free, through July 23 Mark Mitchell: Casket Pall Residency: Seattle Presents Gallery, Thurs-Fri, 10 am-4

pm, free, through July 15 Nate Steigenga: The Underwater Hooha Show: Punch Gallery, Thurs-Sat, free,

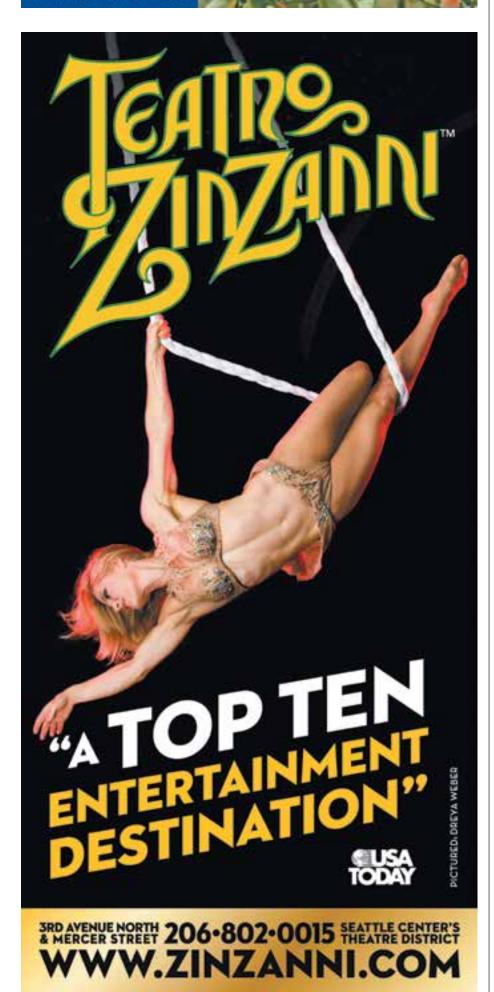
through July 2 Nathalia Edenmont: Force of Nature: Nordic Heritage Museum, Tues-Sun, \$8,

through July 24 Nick Strobelt: The Salt Lick: Veronica, Sat, free, through July 30

Pat DeCaro: Foreign Shores: Gallery4Culture, Mon-Fri, free, through June 30 Path with Art: We Are All Here: Seattle City Hall, Mon-Fri, free, through July 5

Continued

LEADING THE FIGHT TO END HUNGER IN WASHINGTO @.org LeadingTheFight.org



THINGS TO DO ARTS & CULTURE

Patte Loper: Seeking Higher Ground: Suyama Space, Mon-Fri, free, through Aug 19 Rafael Soldi: Life Stand Still Here: Glass Box Gallery, Wed-Sat, free, through June 30 Ramon Murillo: Petroglyphs in a

Modern World: Ethnic Heritage Gallery, Mon-Fri, free, through July 8 Ruthie V: Neither Will This Stay: CORE,

Wed-Sat, free, through July 30 Scott Fife: Platform Gallery, Wed-Sat, free,

through Aug 6 Sherry Markovitz: Time to Take a Walk:

Greg Kucera Gallery, Tues-Sat, free, through July 2

Simple Means: SOIL, Thurs-Sun, free, through July 2

Tivon Rice: Façades and Drone Photogrammetry: Threshold Gallery at Mithun Architecture at UW, Mon-Fri, free, through July 26

A Touch of Light: A/NT Gallery, free, through July 2

Unsettled~Resettled: Seattle's Hunt Hotel: Japanese Cultural and Community Center of Washington, Mon-Fri, free Water: Winston Wachter Fine Art, Mon-Sat, free, through July 12

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

PERFORMANCE

Camptacular!

DON'T MISS Drag burlesque duo Kitten 'n' Lou bring a new (wet, hot, American) summer theater treat to Seattle with Camptacular! This performance will be a contemporary dance, drag, and burlesque Bomb Pop featuring Stranger Genius Award winner Cherdonna, contemporary dancer Markeith Wiley, ever-rising star Waxie Moon, and special guest Jeez Loueez, who, according to my extensive YouTube video searches, blends twerk and burlesque to great effect. Go. You'll be a happy camper. (Triple Door, July 1-3, 7 and 10 pm) RICH SMITH

We also recommend...

Comedy Nest Open Mic: Timmy Riney: Rendezvous, Tues July 5, 8 pm, \$5 Spin the Bottle: Annex Theatre, Fri July 1, 11 pm, \$5/\$10

Weird and Awesome with Emmett Montgomery: Annex Theatre, Sun July 3, 7:30 pm, \$5/\$10

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

READINGS & TALKS

Bagley Wright Lecture Series: Matthew Dickman

DON'T MISS When you're talking about a topic as intensely personal as suicide, you want to be talking with an open and honest person who has been there. Preferably one with a sense of humor. Matthew Dickman is your man. He's a compelling, dynamic reader, a very funny human being, and an engaging conversationalist. He's also been there. In 2007, his older brother committed suicide. Ever since, and especially in his last book of poems, Mayakovsky's Revolver, Dickman has used his great narrative and lyric skill to write poems that plunge the depths of his own grief and of his brother's consciousness—trying to imagine his state of mind, the room he was in, the last loop of logic he considered before the end. At Hugo House, he'll talk about his brother's suicide

and the ways he uses poetry to articulate what can't be articulated about that experience. (Hugo House First Hill, Wed June 29, 7 pm, free) RICH SMITH

We also recommend...

Lit Fix 14: The Women of Summer: Chop Suey, Wed June 29, 7-9 pm, \$5

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

FOOD & DRINK

Fabulous Fish Fridays

DON'T MISS Seattle isn't necessarily known for its British culinary scene. But Fabulous Fish Fridays, a collaboration between Machine House Brewery and Nosh food truck, could change that. Machine House is the city's only brewery dedicated to Englishstyle cask ales—lower in alcohol, more malty than hoppy. Easy drinking ales such as the Best Bitter and Golden are served at cellar temperature and poured from traditional wood-and-brass hand pumps. They pair beautifully with Nosh's British fish and chips. composed of one long fillet of Pacific cod that's dipped in a beer batter, fried to a gorgeous golden brown, and served with hearty fried potatoes as well as a verdant mash of peas and mint. It's a match made in heaven, and you get to experience it every Friday evening in Georgetown. (Machine House Brewery, Fri July 1, 5-9 pm) ANGELA **GARBES**

We also recommend...

Guest Chef Night with Lisa Dupar: Fare-Start, Thurs June 30, 5:30-8 pm, \$30 Sundae Flight Date Night: The Cookie Counter, Thurs June 30, \$65

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

The Killing of a Chinese Bookie

DON'T MISS This great movie by the great John Cassavetes stars the great Ben Gazzara. He plays a small-time strip-club owner whose only problem in the world is his huge gambling debt. The film, which was released in 1976, is just too cool (the clothes, the music, the diversity of the strippers) for words, and it has an ending that, if seen for the first time, will leave a permanent impression on your soul. To use the words of the critic Barley Blair: "Who needs drugs when we have Cassavetes?" (Northwest Film Forum, Wed June 29, 8 pm, \$11) CHARLES MUDEDE

We also recommend...

And When I Die, I Won't Stay Dead: Northwest Film Forum, June 29-July 2, 8 pm,

The BFG: Various locations, opens Fri July 1 The Conjuring 2: Various locations

Finding Dory: Various locations Independence Day: Resurgence: Various

Labyrinth: Central Cinema, July 1-6, 9:30 pm, \$8

The Lobster: Various locations Love & Friendship: Various locations Maggie's Plan: Sundance Cinemas The Neon Demon: SIFF Cinema Egyptian The Nice Guys: Various locations

Weiner: Guild 45th

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com



Summer Is Here, but It Sucks Without Beer

t's official: Summer is here. With the passing of the naked bicyclists of Fremont Solstice, we've ushered in the season on the back of a shameless hippie. Sure, with global warming, the Northwest has seen some unprecedented high temperatures already, but summer has now officially begun. No longer do we need to hibernate on our couches, maxing out our data plans binge-watching Netflix while the rain passes and the sun sets during happy hour. It's time to resist those urges to purchase an air conditioner and just get outside.

In the Northwest, we're lucky to have an abundance of outdoor activities in Seattle and within an hour or so drive time. Hiking, swimming, fishing, camping, boating, picnicking, or whatever tickles your outdoor fancy is all within reach. This article may seem like we're selling you on the merits of outdoor activities, but we're actually talking about great excuses to drink beer. Have you ever been fishing without beer? It's fucking boring.

When it comes to outdoor beer consumption, cans are your best bet for packing it in and packing it out. Unlike glass bottles, cans are lightweight and easily compacted for transport. If you're going down the river and drop them in the water, they float for some reason that I'm guessing science can explain... I'm not sure if bottles do that? Cans are also better for the environment. You can fit more cans on a pallet than bottles, thus reducing the fossil fuels needed for shipping and making this a better place—all by drinking beer.

Now knowing that cans are the superb vessel for outdoor on-the-go beer drinking, how does one pack the cooler? Over the last couple of years, the popularity of canning has increased our options for such craft cans. Locally, Fremont Brewing, known for their love of sustainability, has been putting nearly all of their suds in cans for quite some time. Rueben's Brews recently purchased a canning line, so they were able to put the Daily Pale (this year's Seattle Beer Week Beer) into stores. Now Reuben's is canning their Crikey IPA and their tart refreshing Gose. Washington even has a mobile cannery, which will go to smaller breweries that can't afford their own line. Look for awesome Washington cans from these breweries: Two Beers, Hale's, Seven Seas, Bale Breaker, Aslan, Black Raven, and

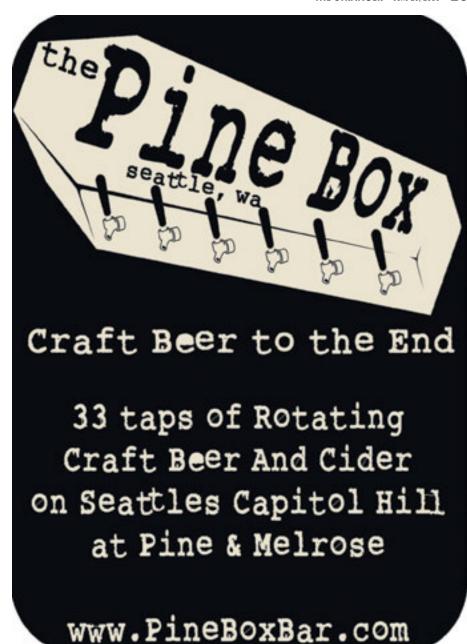
Load up the family Truckster and get some! Head to the mountains, the shores, or wherever it is that your adventures take you. With more than 300 craft breweries in Washington State, we have the second most, behind only California (suck it, Oregon, you're number four). I can think of nothing better than finishing a hard hike and settling into a cold beer at a brewery you've possibly never heard of before.

Heading north, you'll find many great stops along the I-5 corridor and up into Bellingham, where you can spend a whole day visiting breweries such as Boundary Bay, Chuckanut, Kulshan, Aslan, and a half dozen more. Off the beaten path, down the North Cascades Highway, is Birdsview Brewing, a small pub with good food and some picnic tables. Continue down the Mountain Loop Highway to the town of Darrington, where you'll find Rivertime Brewing, a small brewery located in the old city hall in the shadow of White Horse Mountain. Even your kids can belly up to the bar in some of these small-town brewpubs—like drinking beer in a friend's backyard.

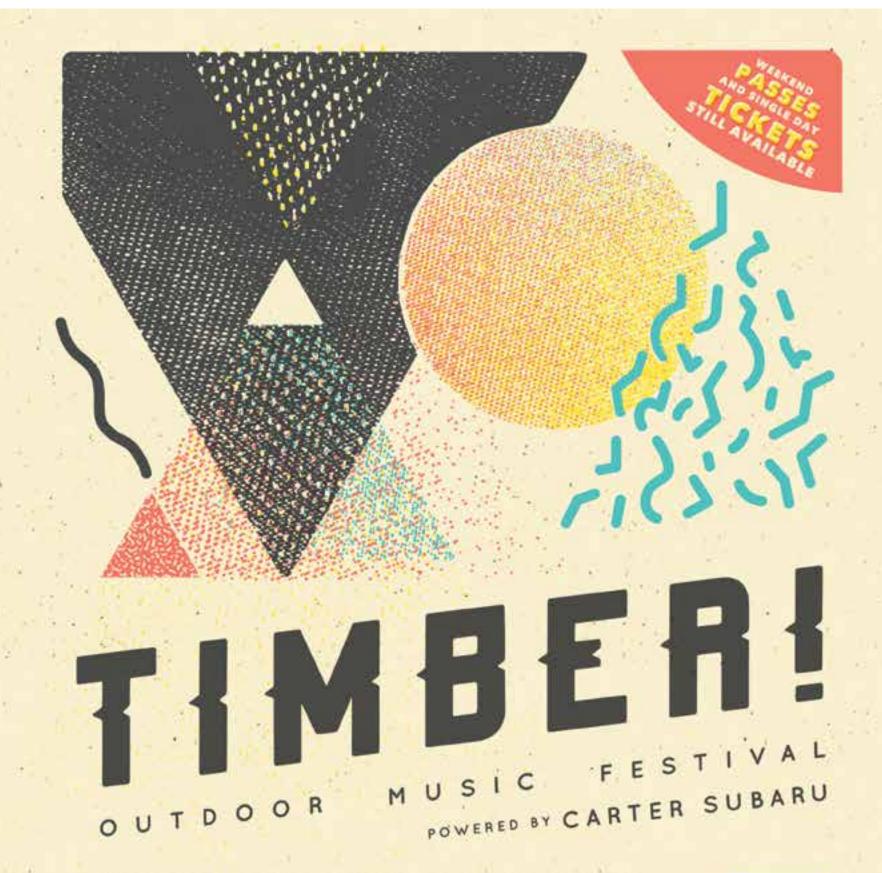
If you're heading to the San Juan Islands, check out Anacortes Brewing not too far from the ferry and Island Hopping Brewing on Orcas Island. Heading to the peninsula, you have Port Townsend Brewing, Bainbridge Island Brewing, 7 Seas in Gig Harbor, and Diamond Knot in Mukilteo while waiting for the ferry. Dru-Bru and Snoqualmie Brewing are great when heading over the pass for a quick visit to the falls. Heading down by the Columbia River Gorge for some fishing, you can hit up Walking Man, Amnesia, Backwoods, and Everybody's Brewing, where the special brewery tour includes shot-gunning a canned beer right out of the gate

You can't always get out of town, whether it's because of work or because Car2go won't let you drive that far out of range, or maybe you just need a quick tan before heading to Fire Island—but one can still always find a sunny spot for a beer in Seattle. Naked City, Fremont, Rhein Haus, and Stoup Brewing all have excellent bier gardens to legally imbibe in the warm rays of the sun. For the risk takers, there is no limit for sunny drinking spots: Golden Gardens, Gas Works Park, and Madison Park Beach all offer great spaces for sun and fun. Hell, any place in town with a grill and sunshine will work at this point.

Barbecues—whether in the backyard, a public park, or the fire escape out the window-always welcome the addition of been The best excuse for which is just a few days away, the Fourth of July. All politics aside, this is a day that everyone should feel happy firing up the grill, sporting the American flag on some sort of skimpy clothing, and putting back a few beers. Just don't be duped by Budweiser's newly rebranded "America" beer, which is still owned by foreign interest groups that don't give a rat's ass how good that pork shoulder on the grill is that you've been painstakingly smoking for 12 hours! Craft beer cares, and it supports local businesses and the pork shoulders they're smoking. Get out there, grab a cold can of locally crafted beer, and enjoy the long days, even if it's just mowing







LANGHORNE SLIM & THE LAW
TELEKINESIS / DEEP SEA DIVER
A TRIBUTE TO CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL
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JESSE SYKES & THE SWEET HEREAFTER
CHASTITY BELT / JASON WEBLEY / THE MOONDOGGIES
LEMOLO / KARL BLAU / RAVENNA WOODS W/SEATTLE KOKON TAIKO
THE MALDIVES / MASZER / ACAPULCO LIPS / ANIMAL EYES
SUNDRIES / BLOOD SQUAD / DELVON LAMARR ORGAN TRIO
JOHN DILLON / TRAVIS THOMPSON / PARIS ALEXA / CARSON MCHONE



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THINGS TO DO MUSIC Noteworthy Shows This Week

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WEDNESDAY 6/29

John Doe & His Rock 'n' Roll Band, Jesse Dayton

(Tractor) You know, or you should know, John Doe as one-fourth of the punk-rock band X, and while I always preferred the Germs (who loved X), X had the ear of the Doors' Ray Manzarek, and they shuffled along inheriting some of Jim Morrison's neo-noir, creepy-underpass ambience. Doe's done plenty of movies, sometimes not as a musician, but often on a bandstand—I'm partial to Georgia, where he keeps plunking through that all-too-common moment of the bar-band player where, yes, everything is going to shit, but the plunk must go on, because they don't get paid if they stop. The new album The Westerner points toward mellower, more C&W-influenced sounds; but a neo-noir punk should have a full bag of tricks. ANDREW HAMLIN

Bod, Dommengang, DJ Pete's a Pie

(Chop Suey) Featuring members who play in rising electro-rock group Crater, Bod are worth unscattering your attention span for, as well. The Seattle quartet describe themselves as "post jet-ski grungegaze," a phrase that will drive you nuts if you ponder it too long. Suffice it to say, Bod come at rock from unusual angles without totally losing the melodic plot. Their 2014 EP Party Drug captures their nonchalant oddness and sneaky tunefulness in all their glory. Some may have caught Dommengang at this year's Debacle Fest, where their distortionheavy krautrock excursions blew back some wigs. The long-haired New York trio's 2015 Thrill Jockey debut, Everybody's Boogie,

apportions adrenalized motorik rhythms and burly riffage with the sort of panache heard on the better Hawkwind and Guru Guru albums. It's fuckin' intense, dude. **DAVE SEGAL**

THURSDAY 6/30

Jooklo Duo + Stanley Zappa, Hound Dog Taylor's Hand, KO Solo

(Blue Moon Tavern) Jooklo Duo are two

free-jazz blasters from Italy, saxophonist Virginia Genta and drummer David Vanzan: saxophonist Stanley Zappa is the nephew of Frank and reportedly used to write reviews for the amazing Bananafish zine. Together they ignite thoughtful maelstroms of blats and beats that recalibrate your nervous system to "ecstatic panic" mode. Hound Dog Taylor's Hand are Seattle's not-quitedark magi of splendidly splenetic jazz rock; the Seattle trio are miles ahead of most anyone else in this realm, as their somewhat infrequent shows and Live at the Comet cassette prove. They have a new LP coming out on Abduction Records in the fall, so you'll likely get to hear previews tonight. KO Solo is the deeply affecting, one-woman project of Kate Olson, who breathes cosmic, Terry Riley-esque air through her saxophone while working effects boxes. (Jooklo Duo and Stanley Zappa also play Gallery 1412 on Wednesday, June 29, with Greg Kelley/ Wilson Shook/Andrew Scott Young Trio and Uneasy Chairs.) DAVE SEGAL

Sera Cahoone, Naomi Wachira

(Fremont Abbey, all ages) Sera Cahoone's innate language is that of heartbreak, of knowing what you have in this life is perfect, or as perfect as humans can access, and

there's no way it could ever last. No matter how many fairy circles you happen upon or gentle brooks lapping at your Chaco-nestled feet, this love will end, and in that finale lies your inevitable destruction. The soft, throaty Cahoone will bandage your wounds while examining her own fault lines, drawing attention to each facet of surface tension. We could all be better, we could all be more pure and good, and Cahoone's willowy, honest attempt to understand human nature uncovers more than you thought of your own experiences at first blush. KIM SELLING

Lee Hazlewood Night: Colt Kraft Band, Benoît Pioulard, members of the Foghorns, members of the Bad Things, members of the Pickpocket Revue, Sam Russell, Scott Yoder, Chris Bendix

(Lo-Fi) There's never not a good excuse to celebrate the American singer/songwriter/ producer/label boss Lee Hazlewood. Tonight some local devotees of the deep-voiced, deadpan cult icon take a stab at re-creating the extraordinary self-deprecating wit and wry observations that marked his expansive catalog. Hazlewood's songbook ranges from intimate, heartbreaking ballads to shaggy, countryish rockers to odd storytelling ditties to brassy, sleazy pop (maybe you've heard the Nancy Sinatra collab "These Boots Are Made for Walkin'"?) to the sui generis orchestral-psych classic "Some Velvet Morning." As I wrote in another context, Hazlewood was "a comic, a romantic, a cynic, a poet, a drunk, and a fool," and he imbued each of those personas with artistry of understated genius. DAVE SEGAL

FRIDAY 7/1

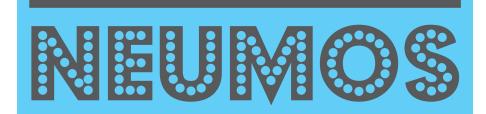
Yob, Sandrider, Un

(Highline) The whole doom/stoner/sludge scene has a fetishist obsession with musical equipment. To be fair, the tools of the trade definitely play a role in sculpting a band's sound, and in this realm of the metal world. tone is king. But you can buy all the right name brands, all the cool vintage gear, all the excessive speaker cabinets, and it doesn't add up to shit if you don't know what to do with it. Yob know there's more to being oppressively heavy than just tuning low, playing loud, and having coveted amp distortion. After twenty years (minus a brief hiatus) of churning out a quagmire of Uruk-hai battle marches, the Eugene trio have become a prime example of a band who know how to rule over their gear instead of having the gear rule over them. BRIAN COOK

Electric Six, In the Whale

(Neumos) After spending the past decade attempting to corrupt countless youth via window-fogging rock and roll mingled with NC-17 dance-floor lechery, Electric Six frontman/lead hedonist Dick Valentine sounds a different note on Bitch, Don't Let Me Die!, these workaholic sexaholics' eleventh album in thirteen years. "Kids are evil," Valentine proclaims on the song of the same name. Well, yeah, isn't that mission accomplished, guy? Valentine's really commenting on the perceived superficiality of the Facebook generation, but at the same time, he's made a career out of simultaneously mocking and hawking, subverting and serving up various strains of skin-deep pop artifice, from

Continued ▶





SUNDAY 8/7

HOT CHIP (DJ SET)

REED JUENGER (OF BEAT CONNECTION) + J-JUSTICE (CITY SOUL / KBCS) 9PM DOORS - 21+



FRIDAY 8/19

GOLD PANDA

8PM DOORS - 21+



FRIDAY 8/26

GUIDED BY VOICES

BRONCHO 8PM DOORS - 21+

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NAPPY ROOTS



THINGS TO DO MUSIC

randy garage rock to down-and-dirty disco, peacocking glam to throbbing electro. Yeah, these thrills may be cheap, but they still pack plenty of bang for the hornball buck. JASON BRACELIN

Boston: 40th Anniversary Tour, with Gary Hoey

(WaMu Theater, all ages) Boston's original lead singer, Brad Delp, killed himself in 2007—throwing down on us one more time (and we might need one more time) how depression and mental illness march on blind and deaf to prosperity, adulation, and depth of love. Armed with new singer Tommy DeCarlo, Boston hit the road still masterminded by guitarist/songwriter Tom Scholz, a reclusive perfectionist (Third Stage took six years to finish), cranky vegetarian, and litigious designer of guitar amps and accessories who seems not to enjoy being a rock star very much, and who works extensively with charities. Sure, shit's changed since 1976, and Boston's last two studio albums together haven't sold as much as the one before that. Go anyway, and light a cell phone for Delp. **ANDREW HAMLIN**

Terrorist, Toe Tag

(Funhouse) In the early '80s, a group of snotty kids from Oak Harbor called the Accüsed put Northwest hardcore on the map with a gruesome take on thrash that was later named "splatter rock." Vocalist Blaine Cook fronted the band during their wildest years, and it's that same energy that he channels into Toe Tag, alongside fellow Accüsed alumnus Alex "Maggot Brain" Sibbald and a couple local splatter heads, Steve McBeast

and Diabolical Chris Diamond. Their music is raw and fast, and it comes complete with gory imagery, featuring song titles like "Bat Pussy" and "Sawtopsy." If crossover is dead, Toe Tag are zombies of the genre—back to feast and thrash some more. KEVIN DIERS

SATURDAY 7/2

Erik Blood, Telekinesis, Summer Cannibals, DJ Evie

(Waterfront Park) It's never a bad time to catch up with the Northwest acts on this KEXP-endorsed Rocks the Dock bill, but it doesn't get much better than now. In May, Seattle songwriter, producer, and engineer Erik Blood (Shabazz Palaces, THEESatisfaction) received his second Stranger Genius Award nomination. The recognition followed the release of his sophomore long-player, Lost in Slow Motion, a searching, multilavered reflection on romantic loss: Think A.R. Kane meets Flying Lotus. Michael Benjamin Lerner's fourth full-length as Telekinesis, the vintage-synth-saturated Ad Infinitum, recalls peak-era OMD in its atmospheric introspection. Portland singer-quitarist Jessica Boudreaux's Summer Cannibals, recent signees to Kill Rock Stars, round out the bill with their fuzzed-out, high-octane take on garage rock. Latenight KEXP DJ Evie will be spinning records between sets. KATHY FENNESSY

Fred and Toody Cole, Topless, Top Down, Male/Female

(Funhouse) Fred and Toody Cole are, in a word, indefatigable. Far before many of us were dragged into this world, they were

screeching through walls, blasting through graveyards, and exposing the Northwest region to what could be your life if you just paused at an Oregonian club to flirt with a local waitress. For decades, this twosome has released album after album with the same rugged yet tender passion for freeform psychedelia and hard-won punk rock. You want the gritty heart of a regional music scene that's outlasted each fad for which this place is known? The Coles are it. KIM SELLING

You May Die in the Desert, Wander, a Province of Thay, Medicine Bows

(Victory Lounge) I didn't realize it until I checked the band's website recently, but local trio You May Die in the Desert have been making music for over a decade. They were a band who were always around, popping up on bills left and right, wowing crowds with ridiculously tight sets and reliably great music, but who never quite broke through to the big venues and national audiences. That didn't stop them from producing two albums and an EP that are alternately beautiful and crushing, and which became more fully realized the longer they stuck togethersomething like the prettiness of Explosions in the Sky delivered with the urgency and bite of These Arms Are Snakes. The few recent audio/video snippets they've teased online lately also show a band who aren't done yet, which means there's still time for the listening public to catch on. TODD HAMM

Pity Sex, PWR BTTM, Petal

(Vera Project, all ages) Ann Arbor, Michigan, quartet Pity Sex skillfully revive the tender, tuneful end of the C86 aesthetic, conjuring the great Scottish pop band the Shop Assistants and McCarthy (Tim Gane's pre-Stereolab group), but more animatedly, as well as the sound of My Bloody

Valentine acolytes Lilys. Pity Sex find many ways to finesse their glumly dulcet male/ female vocals and surging, fuzzy guitar attack into songs you want to listen to again and again, the better to discern their subtle contours. They're gonna go pretty far. PWR BTTM come off like a gay-male, glam-pop elaboration on the Kimya Dawson paradigm of poignant-awkward confessional songwriting, balancing fun music with lyrics that tackle romantic frustration. Their songs will strike a certain type of misfit as being very relatable. The uplifting Smiths-ian melancholia of "All the Boys" seems destined to become an anthem in some special queer space yet to be established. DAVE SEGAL

SUNDAY 7/3

Depeche Mode and Erasure synth player/ songwriter Vince Clarke turns 56 today.

MONDAY 7/4

Ashen Pyre, Serpent's Chalice, **Born Without Blood**

(Substation) Something wicked walks this way, and it does so in an ominous lurch when Seattle's Ashen Pyre trudge forth with sky-darkening black metal. This bunch take the circuitous route to get to their ultimate destination, which is deep, deep under your skin. Their latest release, Tract I: Malus Ferox, is divided into six suites, but is best taken in as a whole. It begins and ends with an emphasis on a stark, forlorn, nearindustrial atmosphere, with these strangely inviting bookends framing an album that gradually builds into a grand crescendo of guitars and vocals that shriek alike. Through it all, this Pyre burns as hot as the living hell they seek to drag you through, kicking and (let's hope) screaming. **JASON BRACELIN**





























PAUL CAUTHEN JULY 17 - SUNSET TAVERN THE AVETT BROTHERS SATURDAY JULY 23 - SHOWARE CENTER THIRD STORY SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 17 - VERA PROJECT THE PROCLAIMERS OCTOBER 13 NEPTUNE THEATRE DANIEL TIGER'S NEIGHBORHOOD LIVE! NOVEMBER 9 MCCAW HALL



ANDY MCKEE NOVEMBER 11 & NOVEMBER 12 - TRIPLE DOOR CELTIC THUNDER- LEGACY TOUR NOVEMBER 16 - PARAMOUNT THEATRE

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 18 - TRACTOR TAVERN ZEPPARELLA SATURDAY DECEMBER 3 - TRACTOR TAVERN STRAIGHT NO CHASER DECEMBER 27 - PARAMOUNT THEATRE





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Aaron Kirby has made a name for himself around the Pacific Northwest with his charismatic, upbeat style and playful delivery. Kirby is a featured comic on rooftopcomedy.com and can be heard on Sirius XM radio. He also made his network television debut in November 2014 when he was featured on Laughs on Fox.



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THINGS TO DO MUSIC

All the Shows Happening This Week

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★ = Recommended 🚇 = All Ages

LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Musicians' Jam: Jens Gunnoe and Guests, 8 pm, free

WED 6/29

BARBOZA Smoke Season with Caught A Ghost, 7:30 pm, \$10

BLUE MOON TAVERN Open Mic With Linda Lee: Guests,

CAPITOL CIDER How Short, 8-10:30 pm, free ★ CHOP SUEY Bod,

Dommengang, DJ Pete's A Pie, 10 pm-3 am, \$5 **★ ② CROCODILE** Royce da 5'9", Grafh, LA aka Language Arts, Mic Phenom, DJ Nphared, 8

pm, \$15 DARRELL'S TAVERN Open Mic. 9 pm. free

O FIX COFFEEHOUSE Open Mic, 7 pm, free

THE FUNHOUSE Eyes Eat Suns, Apache Truck Stop, Ram Rams, 8:30 pm, \$6/\$8 HIGH DIVE Shawn Smith and Guests; K-Rad, Ralph Reign, The Frizz, 8 pm, \$6/\$8

HIGHWAY 99 Andrew Norsworthy, 8 pm, \$7 **1&M CAFE** The Lonnie Williams Band, 8 pm, free LO-FI Mirror Travel, Jess Williamson, Versing, 8 pm. \$7

• NEUMOS Birdy with Lawrence Taylor, 7 pm, \$25 OHANA Live Island Music: Guests, 9:30 pm, free OWI, N'THISTIE Justin and

PARAGON Two Buck Chuck.

8 pm. free

THE ROYAL ROOM More Zero, The Caetano Veloso Project, 7:30 pm, \$6/\$10

SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Open Mic, 8:30 pm, free SOUND CHECK BAR &

★ SUBSTATION SpiceRack,

Jef Shocki and the Workforce, Merchant Mariner, 8 pm, \$8 **SUNSET TAVERN** Garrett Klahn, Sonny Votolato, Women and Children, 8:30 pm, \$10

* TRACTOR TAVERN John Doe & His Rock 'n' Roll Band with Jesse Dayton, 8 pm, \$20

@ TRIPLE DOOR Andv Goessling with Blackberry Bushes String Band, 7:30 pm, \$15/\$18

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Tessarosa, 6:30 pm, free

O JAZZ ALLEY Steve Tyrell: Songs of Sinatra, June 29-July 3, 7:30 pm, \$31.50 O VICTORIA, BC Victoria International JazzFest 2016, \$22-\$132.50

VITO'S RESTAURANT &

LOUNGE Wally Shoup, 9 pm-midnight, free

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Bollocks CONTOUR NuDe
Wednesdays, 9 pm, free HAVANA COOLIN: DI Night with Stasia Mehschel and Larry Mizell, Jr., 10 pm, \$3 LOVECITYLOVE LOVECITYLOVE X WEDNESDAYS, 8-11 pm

O NIGHTCLUB FWD: Joe STUDIO SEVEN Electric

DANCE

O NIGHTCLUB FWD: Joe Kav. 9 pm-2 am. \$11 VARIOUS LOCATIONS What the Float: Silent Disco, \$10-\$25

CLASSICAL

BENAROYA HALL * ©
Triadic Memories: A
Minimalist Masterpiece, 7:30 pm. \$25: Star-Spangled Spectacular: Seattle Wind Symphony with Chorus, 7:30-10 pm

THURS 6/30

LIVE MUSIC

AMBER Cuts and Keys, 7 pm-midniaht, free BARBOZA Esme Patterson with Frankie Lee & The Domestics, 8 pm, \$12

★ BLUE MOON TAVERN
Jooklo Duo with Stanley Zappa, Hound Dog Taylor's Hand, 9 pm, \$10

O BROADWAY PERFORMANCE HALL

Fanna Fi Allah with Gina Sala, 7 pm, \$30/\$35 **CHOP SUEY** Ole Tinder, Evening Bell, Mr. Night Sky, 9 pm, \$8

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Sporty Lee & Pit Folk, 6-8 pm, free

. CONOR BYRNE Evan Egerer, Devin Sinha, Kristina Valencia, 8 pm, \$8

CROCODILE Ghosts I've Met, Planes on Paper, Julia Massey, Shenandoah Davis, 8 pm, \$10

Open Mic Night, 5 pm, free

★ ② FREMONT ABBEY Sera Cahoone with Naomi Wachira, 8 pm, \$15

THE FUNHOUSE Eldren, Wood Knot, Nails Hide Metal, Red Sun Revue, 8

pm, \$8/\$10 GHOSTFISH BREWING COMPANY George Grissom

HIGH DIVE Purr Gato, Lungs & Limbs, Verbal Tip, 8 pm, \$6/\$8

HIGHWAY 99 Moxie, 8

J&M CAFE True Romans, 8

★ LO-FI Lee Hazlewood Night, Yves, Colt Kraft Band, Benoit, Foghorns, Bad Things, Chris Bendix, 9

pm-midnight, \$5 SCRATCH DELI Music Open Mic, 7:30 pm, free

SEAMONSTER Marmalade. 10 pm, \$5-\$7

O STONE WAY CAFE Open Mic: Guests, 7:30 pm, free STUDIO SEVEN J'Naii,

Laylow, DJ Kendoll, and Guests, 7 pm, \$11/\$14 **SUBSTATION** Science, Heptagon, Stiff Spirit, 8 pm

midnight, \$8 SUNSET TAVERN Radkey, Hounds of the Wild Hunt, Dead End Friend, 9 pm, \$10

TRACTOR TAVERN

Ladyhawke with Pillar Point, 9 pm, \$13

O VERA PROJECT Richie Dagger's Crime, Hell Mary, and Katie Kuffel, 7 pm, \$10

VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Casey MacGill, 5:30 pm, free

OWOODLAND PARK ZOO case / lang / veirs with Andy Shauf, 5 pm, \$49

JAZZ ★ BARCA Jazz at Barca: Phil Sparks Trio, Adam Kessler, 9 pm, free

@ EGAN'S JAM HOUSE Caili O'Doherty, 9-10:30 pm, \$10

JAZZ ALLEY Steve Tyrell:

Songs of Sinatra, Through July 3, 7:30 pm, \$31.50

PINK DOOR Bric-a-Brac, 8

O SHUGA JAZZ BISTRO Chris James Quartet, 7 pm, free

O VICTORIA. BC Victoria

AMBER Cuts and Keys, 7 pm-midnight, free BALLROOM Throwback

Thursdays: DJ Tamm of KISS fm, 9 pm

BALTIC ROOM Sugar Beat: DJ Bret Law, \$3

CONTOUR Jaded: Guests ★ HAVANA Sophisticated Mama: DJ Nitty Gritty and DJ Sad Bastard, free

JAZZBONES College Night: DJ Christyle, 9 pm

KREMWERK Logan Takahashi, X/O, Howin1000, 9 pm. \$10

OHANA '80s Ladies Night PONY Delightful Isolation: A History of Underground New Zealand Music, 10 pm, free

Q NIGHTCLUB Studio 4/4: Kry Wolf and Guests, 9 pm-2 am, \$11

R PLACE Thirsty Thursdays: TRINITY Beer Pong Thursdays: DJ Yup and Catch24, free

CLASSICAL

★ ② BENAROYA HALL The Light That Fills The World: A Meditation in Sound and

Light, 7:30 pm, \$25

FRI 7/1 LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show, 8 pm, free CAFE RACER Mobius Jones,

CHINA HARBOR Orquesta la Solucion, 9:30 pm, \$15 COLUMBIA CITY THEATER

Party with Sky Warden and Asterhouse, 6 pm, \$15/\$20 CONOR BYRNE A Benefit to

Support the Victims of the Pulse Shooting, 8 pm, \$10 * THE FUNHOUSE Terrorist, Toe Tag, 9 pm, free

HIGH DIVE Ryan Taylor & Ready Ron and Guests: SMOKE & MIRRORS Album Release Show, 8 pm. \$10/\$12

* HIGHLINE Yob, Sandrider, Un, 9 pm, \$12/\$14

HIGHWAY 99 The 24th Street Wailers, 8 pm, \$16

★ ② LANGSTON HUGHES PERFORMING ARTS INSTITUTE Freshest Roots: Expresso Open Mic, 7 pm,

NECTAR Snug Harbor, DBST, Seattle Rock Orchestra Street Band, 8 pm, \$7/\$10

★ NEUMOS Electric Six with In The Whale, 8 pm, \$13 SEAMONSTER Funky 2 Death: Guests, 10 pm, \$5-\$7 SLIM'S LAST CHANCE An Evening with the Groove Surfers, 9 pm, \$5

SUNSET TAVERN The Black Lillies, The Swearengens, 8:30 pm. \$15

TIM NOAH'S THUMBNAIL

THEATER Friday Night Open Mic, 6:30 pm, \$3-\$5

VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Jovino Santos Neto, 9 pm-midnight, free

★ ② WAMU THEATER Boston with Gary Hoey: 40th Anniversary Tour, 7 pm, \$47.95-\$77.95

O TAZZ ALLEY Steve Tyrell: Songs of Sinatra, Through July 3, \$31.50

LATONA PUB Phil Sparks

Trio, 5 pm, free

VICTORIA, BC Victoria International JazzFest 2016. \$22-\$132.50

DJ

ASTON MANOR Cabaret Fridays: Guests

BALLROOM Rendezvous Friday: Guests, 9 pm BALMAR Top 40: Guests, 9:30 pm, free

BALTIC ROOM

Fundamental Fridays: Guests; * Juicy: '90s & 2000s Old School Throwbacks, \$10 BARBOZA Jet: Dance Party DJ Set with Special Guests, 10:30 pm, free

★ CUFF DJ Night: Rotating DJs, 10 pm-3 am, free

★ HATTIE'S HAT Hella Dope: DJ Sidlicious and DJ Mizzo, 10 pm, free

HAVANA Viva Havana: Soul One, Sean Cee, Curtis, Nostalgia B, and DV One, 9 pm, \$11 JAZZBONES Filthy Fridays:

Guests, 11 pm, \$10 MERCURY Gasp: JQ, 9 pm, \$5

NEIGHBOURS Absolut Fridays: DJ Richard Dalton and DJ Trent Von, 9 pm OZZIE'S DJ Night: Guests, 9

★ PONY Beefcake: DJ King of Pants and Dee Jay Jack **Q NIGHTCLUB** Heavy Launch Party with E.A.S.Y., 10 pm-3 am, \$15

R PLACE Swollen Fridays,

RE-BAR EPIC with Kid Hops, 10 pm-2 am, \$12

STOUT DJ ePop, 9 pm, free THERAPY LOUNGE Under Pressure, 9:30 pm, \$3 after 10:30 p.m.

TRINITY Power Fridays: DJ Phase, Guy, Soul Gorilla and DJ Famous, \$0-\$10

DANCE

NEUMOS Candi Pop: A Bubblegum Pop Dance Party, 9 pm-2 am, free

O NIGHTCLUB Heavy Launch Party with E.A.S.Y., 10 pm-3 am, \$15 RE-BAR EPIC with Kid Hops

10 pm-2 am, \$12 CLASSICAL

O BENAROYA HALL In The White Silence — John Luther Adams' Alaskan Landscapes: Seattle Symphony, 10 pm, \$15

O ICICLE CREEK CENTER FOR THE ARTS Icicle Creek

SAT 7/2

LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show, 8 pm, free

Saturday Lounge: DJ

NEUMOS — COMING UP NEXT –

FRIDAY 7/1 **ELECTRIC SIX**

SATURDAY 7/9 DEERHOOF SKATING POLLY + SCARVES

> TUESDAY 7/12 WYE OAK

FRIDAY 7/15 MARK FARINA RAMIRO - UNITING SOULS + JOEY WEBB

SATURDAY 7/16 TEN MILES WIDE VAN EPS + DEVILS HUNT ME DOWN

> FRIDAY 8/5 PROTOMARTYR **VATS + LITHICS**

JUST ANNOUNCED! SATURDAY 8/27 CHASTITY BELT SO PITTED + HAPPY DIVING

JUST ANNOUNCED! THURSDAY 9/22 CHROME SPARKS **ROLAND TINGS**

BARBOZA — COMING UP NEXT —

THURSDAY 6/30 ESME PATTERSON FRANKIE LEE + THE DOMESTICS

FRIDAY 7/8 DUCKTAILS THE LAVENDER FLU

SATURDAY 7/9 SIMPLE GRAVITY SMALL TRIBES + BLYSS

> **MONDAY 7/11** SAFIA

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COLVIN & EARLE I AUG 21 - ERIC HUTCHINSON I OCT 5
THE PROCLAIMERS I OCT 13 - DONOVAN I OCT 15
BILLY BRAGE & UGE HENRY 10CT 21 - BLIND PILOT I OCT 22
THE SONICS I OCT. 28 - DESCENDENTS I NOV 9 & IO
JOHN HODOMANI NOVI I - BRIDGET EVERTET I DEC 3
KIDZ BOP I DEC 10 * ROBERT GLASPER EXPERIMENT I DEC 14

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6/29 WEDNESDAY



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Mic Phenom, DJ Nphared All Ages

6/30 **THURSDAY**



The Crocodile Presents::

Ghosts I've Met Planes on Paper, Julia Massey, Shenandoah Davis 21+

7/1 **FRIDAY**



Customs & The Crocodile Presents::

JK Pop

DJ Hojo (Customs), Hostboi 21+

7/2 **SATURDAY**

7/7

THURSDAY



The Crocodile & ReignCity Present:: The Hood Internet

All Ages

7/3SUNDAY



The Crocodile Presents:: Indigenous



The Crocodile Presents:: **Neil Hamburger** JP Inc. 21+









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THINGS TO DO All the Shows Happening This Week

THE ANGRY BEAVER The Seattle Houserockers, free **CENTRAL SALOON** The Palmer Squares, Nick Weaver, Shlick Smit, The Introverts, 9 pm, \$10

CHATEAU STE. MICHELLE An Evening with Lyle Lovett and His Band, 7 pm, \$47.50-

CLUB HOLLYWOOD

CASINO Johnny and the Bad Boys and DJ Becka Page, 9 pm, \$5

- O CROCODILE The Hood Internet, 9 pm, \$12
- **★ THE FUNHOUSE** Fred and Toody Cole, Topless, Top Down, Male/Female, 9 pm. \$8-\$12
- O FUSION CAFE Lavender Country, Casual Hex, Jiu Jitsu, Big Bite, Kid's Menu, 6:30-10 pm, \$8/\$10

HARD ROCK CAFE One Gun Shy, 8 pm-1 am, \$10/\$15

HIGH DIVE Ever So Android, MONSTERWATCH, I Will Keep Your Ghost, 8 pm, \$10/\$12

HIGHWAY 99 Jackrabbit Starts, Johnny 7 & The Black Crabs, Redneck Girlfriend, 9 pm, \$15

LO-FI The Youngs, 9 pm, \$5 **RENDEZVOUS** ScienZe x King I Divine, Noah Bility, J'Von, Azon Blaze, Dex Amora, and Zuke Saga, 7:30 pm, \$10

SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Wyldernesse, Claire Michelle, Heather Thomas, 9 pm-midniaht, \$7

SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Piston Ready, Jodie Watts, Loud Motor, 9 pm, \$5

@ SOULFOOD COFFEEHOUSE AND FAIR TRADE EMPORIUM Soulfood Open Mic: Guests,

6 pm, free **SUBSTATION** Black Bone Exorcism. Sun Crow. Static Altars, Granite Waves, 8

pm, \$8 SUNSET TAVERN The Hoot Hoots, The West, 8:30

pm, \$10 O TOWN HALL Alan

Cumming Sings Sappy Songs, 8 pm, \$55-\$100 TRACTOR TAVERN

Lonesome Shack, Pampa Pete Quirk: Album Release Show, 9 pm, \$10

- **★ ② VERA PROJECT** Pitv Sex, PWR BTTM, Petal, 7 pm. \$13/\$15
- * VICTORY LOUNGE You May Die in the Desert, Wander, A Province of Thay, Medicine Bows, 9 pm-1 am, \$8

VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE The Tarantellas. 6-9 pm, free

★ ② WATERFRONT PARE KEXP Rocks the Dock: Erik Blood, Telekinesis, Summer Cannibals, DJ Evie, 4-8 pm, free

JAZZ

O JAZZ ALLEY Steve Tyrell: Songs of Sinatra, Through July 3, \$31.50

O VICTORIA, BC Victoria International JazzFest 2016. \$22-\$132.50

DJ

AMBER Amber Saturdays with DJ Kipprawk, free **ASTON MANOR NRG**

Saturdays: Guests BALLARD LOFT Hiphop Saturdays: DJ Pheloneous DJ Tamm of KISS fm, and DJ Brett Michaels, 10 pm, free **BALLROOM** Sinful

Saturdays: Guests, 9 pm

BALMAR Top 40 Night: Guests, 9:30 pm, free BALTIC ROOM Crave Saturdays: McClarron and

Swel, 10 pm

BARBOZA Inferno: DJ Swervewon and Guests, 10:30 pm, \$5 before midnight/\$10 after

BUCKLEY'S IN BELLTOWN '90s Dance Party: Guests, 9 pm

CHOP SUEY Dance Yourself Clean: Guests, 9 pm, \$5; free before 10:30 p.m. CONTOUR Europa Night

with Misha Grin, 10 pm, \$10 CORBU LOUNGE Saturday Night Live: DJ BBoy and DJ 5 Star

★ CUFF DJ Night: Rotating DJs, 10 pm-3 am, free HAVANA Havana Social: Nostalgia B, Curtis, Soul One, Sean Cee, and DV One, 9 pm, \$15

KREMWERK CREAM: Bret Law, Pony Mane, DJ Rob Winter, and Guests; Research: One Year Anniversary, 7 pm-3:59 am, \$10

MERCURY Machineries of Joy: DJ Hana Solo, \$5 NECTAR Jai Ho! Dance Party: Red, White, & Bollywood, 8 pm, \$10/\$12 NEIGHBOURS Powermix: DJ

Randy Schlager OZZIE'S DJ Night: Guests, 9 pm, free

R PLACE Therapy Saturday: DJ Flo'w

RE-BAR Night Crush, 10:30 pm-3 am, \$0-\$20 until 11pm, \$7 after 11pm; Dooms Day Vinyl Market, 7-10 pm, \$5 before 10pm/\$12 after 10pm

SARAJEVO LOUNGE European/Balkan/Greek Night: Guests

STAGE SEATTLE Kulture Saturdays: DJ Mixtycal and Guests, 10 pm-2 am, Free before 10:45pm/\$15 after

STOUT DJ ePop, 9 pm, free THERAPY LOUNGE This Modern Love: Guests

TRINITY Reload Saturdays: Rise Over Run and DJ Nug, \$15

CLASSICAL

O BENAROYA HALL Live on the Silver Screen: The Symphony in Hollywood, 8 pm, \$25

O ICICLE CREEK CENTER FOR THE ARTS Icicle Creek Chamber Music Festival. \$12-\$24

SUN 7/3

LIVE MUSIC

O CAFE RACER Racer Sessions, 7:30-11 pm, free CHOP SUEY LocoMotive, These Young Fools, Vibragun, 8 pm, \$8

O CROCODILE Indigenous 7 pm, \$15

HIGH DIVE Pseudoboss Choir of Crickets. The Moon Is Flat, 8:30 pm, \$6/\$8

O HOLLOW EARTH RADIO William Austin Clay, Senor Fin, SIC ILL, Fizz Com, 8 pm. \$5

LITTLE RED HEN Open Mic Acoustic Jam with Bodacious Billy: Guests,

O NEUMOS Jacquees with Will Jordan: Mood Tour, 7 pm. \$15

SNOQUALMIE CASINO Kool and the Gang: Snoqualmie Casino Summer Concert Series, 6 pm, \$40-\$60 TIM'S TAVERN Kirsten

Silva's Seattle Songwriter Showcase: Guests

TRACTOR TAVERN Los Straitjackets with King of Hawaii, 8 pm, \$20

JAZZ

THE ANGRY BEAVER The Beaver Sessions: Guests, free

DARRELL'S TAVERN Sunday Night Jazz Jam: Guests, 8 pm, free

O HARISSA Sunday Bossa Nova: Dina Blade, 6 pm.

O JAZZ ALLEY Steve Tyrell: Songs of Sinatra, Through July 3, 7:30 pm, \$31.50 OSTERIA LA SPIGA Jazz at La Spiga: Guests, 8-10:30

pm, free THE ROYAL ROOM Endangered Blood, 8 pm,

shuga jazz bistro Shuga Sundays: Eric Verlinde and Guests, 7:30 pm, free

★ ② TULA'S Jim Cutler Jazz Orchestra, 7:30 pm, \$8 O VICTORIA, BC Victoria International JazzFest 2016, \$22-\$132.50

VITO'S RESTAURANT & **LOUNGE** ★ Ruby Bishop, 6 pm, free; ★ The Ron Weinstein Trio, 9:30 pm,

BALTIC ROOM Resurrection Sundays: DJ Shane and Jade's Pain, 10 pm

CONTOUR Broken Grooves: Guests, free

CORBU LOUNGE Salsa Sundays: DJ Nick, 9 pm NEIGHBOURS Noche Latina: DJ Luis and DJ Polo

R PLACE Homo Hop: Guests * RE-BAR Flammable: DJ

Wesley Holmes, Xan Lucero, and Guests, 9 pm. \$10 * REVOLVER BAR No Exit:

TIMBRE ROOM Sunday Patio Party Series, 4-10 pm Thru Aug 28, free

DJ Vi, Sun, noon, free

CLASSICAL

O ICICLE CREEK CENTER FOR THE ARTS Icicle Creek Chamber Music Festival, \$12-\$24

★ Ø ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL Compline Choir, 9:30 pm, free

MON 7/4

LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Blues On Tap, 7

CAPITOL CIDER EntreMundos, 9:30 pm, free CONOR BYRNE Bluegrass Jam, 8:30 pm, free

LUCKY LIOUOR @ Furv Things: Summer Bummer Tour, 7:30-11 pm, \$8

* SUBSTATION Ashen Pyre, Serpent's Chalice, Born Without Blood, 7-10 pm, \$8 TRIPLE DOOR

MUSICOUARIUM LOUNGE Crossrhythm Sessions, 9 pm, free

JAZZ

@ TRIPLE DOOR Brian Nova Jazz Jam, 8 pm, free

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Jam Jam: Mista' Chatman and DJ Element, 9 pm

- ★ BAR SUE Motown on Mondays: di100proof. Sessions, and Blueyedsoul,
- * THE HIDEOUT Industry

Standard: Guests, free THE ISLANDER CRIUSE

SHIP Fourth of July Fireworks Boat Party, 6:30 pm, \$30-\$100

★ MOE BAR Moe Bar Monday: DJ Swervewon Jeff Hawk, and DJ Henski, 10 pm, free

MONKEY LOFT DJ Dan's 4th of July Birthday Bash: Donald Glaude, Trinitron, Karl Kamakahi, Dot Diggler, 2-10 pm

NECTAR Mo' Jam Mondays, 8:30 pm, free

PONY Fruit: DJ Toast, 9 pm, free

TUE 7/5

LIVE MUSIC 88 KEYS Seatown Allstars, 8

BLUE MOON TAVERN Totusek Tuesday Nights, 8-11 pm, free

CAFE RACER Jacobs Posse * COLUMBIA CITY THEATER The Best Open Mic Ever: Guests, 7:30 pm, free

Dancing Night, 9 pm EL CORAZON Verb Slingers: Guests, 3 pm, free

O THE FUNHOUSE Days N Daze, Juicy Karkass, Dreadful Children Butterflies of Death, 7 pm, \$10/\$12

1&M CAFE All-Star Acoustic Tuesdays: Guests, 9 pm, free

★ LO-FI Ghost Lit Kinadom, Screens, 627, 8 pm, \$7

THE OULD TRIANGLE Open Mic: Guests, 8 pm, free PARAGON You Play Tuesday: Guests, 8 pm, free PARLIAMENT TAVERN Billy Joe and the RCs, 8 pm, free

SEAMONSTER McTuff Trio 11 pm, free ★ SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Baby Ketten Karaoke, 9

pm-1:30 am, free TIM'S TAVERN Open Mic Linda Lee, 8 pm

JAZZ

O JAZZ ALLEY Greg Adams and East Bay Soul, July 5-7,

7:30 pm, \$31.50 OWI. N'THISTIF lazz with Eric Verlinde, 8 pm, free

★ THE ROYAL ROOM Delvon Lamarr, 10 pm.

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Drum & Bass Tuesdays: Guests, 10 pm

★ BLUE MOON TAVERN Blue Moon Vinyl Revival Tuesdays: DJ Country Mike, A.D.M., and Guests, 8 pm, free

CONTOUR Burn: Voodoo, 9

CORBILLOUNGE Club NYX Wave & Goth, 10 pm, \$5; free before 10:30 p.m THE EAGLE Punk Ass! with

DJ Toast, 9 pm-midnight,

free ★ HAVANA Real Love '90s: BlesOne and Jay Battle, \$3; free before 11 p.m.

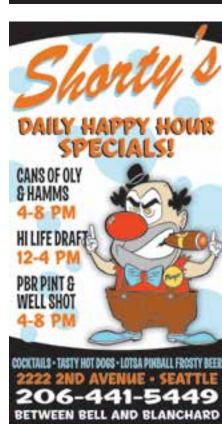
MERCURY Die: Black Maru and Major Tom, \$5 ROB ROY Analog Tuesdays: Guests, free

CLASSICAL

★ ② BENAROYA HALL 2016 Seattle Chamber Music Society Summer Festival, 8 pm, \$30-\$564

★ ② DELRIDGE PARK Music Under the Stars in West Seattle, 7:15 pm, free







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Electronic Music Stars Get Old, Too

But DJ Shadow, Moby, and Aphex Twin Are All Still Trying Hard on New Records

heory: Electronic-music luminaries typically age with more dignity than do rock stars. This could be down to rock's longer history; with each passing year, innovations became scarcer

and uninspired regurgitation increasingly common. The desire to appear "relevant" among middle-aged rockers rarely results in memorable material. Few bow out of the rock game like Captain Beefheart did—excelling and evolving to the end of their discographies. Artists in the much younger post-disco electronic-music world still reliably add new stylistic wrinkles to existing templates; they still find interesting fusions to keep redundancy at bay.

With that in mind, how are three of electronic music's biggest names—DJ Shadow, Moby, and Aphex Twin—faring after a quarter-century in the game? Judging by their most recent releases, Josh Davis, Richard Melville Hall, and Richard D. James have maintained relatively high quality control, even if their peak efforts seemingly remain beyond their grasp.

Moby's latest release, Long Ambients1: Calm. Sleep., comes as a free download from his website. The former rave icon—and author of a fascinating new memoir called Porcelain—has had ambient elements in his work almost from the start; in fact, he released Ambient in 1993. Even his more uptempo and popular numbers contain chillout undercurrents—e.g., "Go," "Feeling So Real," "Porcelain." Over the last couple of years, Moby has generated about four hours of, as he puts it on his site, "really really really quiet music to listen to when I do yoga or sleep or meditate or panic." Now he's just giving it away.

Dip in anywhere of the album's 11 long tracks—ranging from 17 to 35 minutes apiece—and you'll find luxurious swathes of

nimbus-y synth sighs and moans that will slow your pulse and (potentially) ease your worries. Moby's melodic gifts emerge in subtle ways over extended durations, resulting in a tranquil comedown soundtrack—from work, drugs, the 21st motherfucking century, you name it. It's high-quality utilitarian music, but it likely won't make much of a dent in public consciousness. However, it does feel like a logical endpoint for a notorious party

The desire to appear

"relevant" rarely

results in memorable

material.

animal and rave exemplar, although it's doubtful Moby will go quiet after this. Don't worry, though: Obscure free record or not, he'll still be able to afford the finest vegan cuisine.

I haven't heard all of Aphex Twin's Cheetah

EP (due July 8 on Warp Records), so let's focus on the one track from it that's available: "CIRKLON3 [Kolkhoznaya mix]." It's a nice enough midtempo electro jam that doesn't deviate from its opening theme-which is a real anomaly in RDJ's sonic universe. Instead, James gives us eight minutes of steady-state Aphexian melodic melancholy, off-the-rack 303 squelch, and unobtrusive. cruise-control beats that won't baffle even the greenest electronic-music n00b. For a minute, I actually thought one of James's young children might've composed it. Compare this to Syro's vibrant, discombobulating "CIR-CLONT6A [141.98] [syrobonkus mix]" and notice the uneventfulness of the newer piece. Let's hope "CIRKLON3" isn't indicative of the rest of Cheetah. Whatever the case, it's

hard to imagine RDJ ever *totally* losing his genius-level inspiration—or running out of stockpiled archival material that won't besmirch his lofty reputation.

Because we can never regain the relative sense of innocence we had in 1995 and 1996, when What Does Your Soul Look Like and Endtroducing hit our grateful ears, DJ Shadow's subsequent releases—including his new and fifth album proper, The Mountain Will Fall—have carried the air of anticlimax. Shadow had taken deep-crates selections and arranging of obscure samples to unparalleled heights of technical sophistication and emotional depth. (This is not to diminish similar efforts by the Bomb Squad, Prince Paul, and the Dust Brothers, but their virtuosity and acumen were put to different aims than Shadow's.)

The Mountain Will Fall maintains Shadow's rep for stylistic promiscuity. (This LP is a joint release through his own Liquid Amber imprint and Nas's Mass Appeal label.) The title track starts with a somber orchestral movement before it's interrupted by a wild yell and exceedingly chunky and splashy funk beats and zingy video-game synths. "The Mountain Will Fall" sounds like a Boards of Canada pastiche concocted by someone who has only read about the Scottish duo. It ends with the nostalgic sound of someone putting a cassette in a boom box. You'll scratch your head until it sounds like "Best Foot Forward."

Run the Jewels animate "Nobody Speak," which sounds like the record's stab for radio glory, even though El-P alludes to Trump fucking his youngest daughter in it, among other abundant profanities. But the ominous funk, punctuated by flagrant blues-rock guitar and bass and fluttery video-game synth wonkiness, combine for a wonderfully anomalous hiphop banger. "Three Ralphs" is a studied exercise in trap, all infernal low-end dirgemongering and molasses-slow, handclapped beats. Shadow once more deploys a sample of Timothy Leary's utterance, "The time has come, Ralph/Are you ready to die?" from his 1967 LP Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out. (While in UNKLE, Shadow used part of the same snippet on 1994's "The Time Has Come.")

On the brutally funky "Bergschrund," vaunted German keyboardist Nils Frahm contributes some of the most intriguing synth tonalities to appear on a Shadow release in years. Then we're whiplashed back to an eternal 1986 of the mind with

"The Sideshow," a party-/battle-rap track with bass blurge bleeding beneath guest MC Ernie Fresh's ultramagnetic flow and furious scratches. Two cuts later, "Mambo" sets mambo instructional record chatter over mid-'00s dubstep gravitas. This is hilarious cognitive dissonance—you can tremble in the extreme bass frequencies and panoply of science-fictional synth coloration.

The rest of *Mountain* contains more dalliances with dubstep and shooter-video-game atmospheres, David Axelrod—esque orchfunk grandeur, and a psychedelic romantic ballad, all impeccably woven and inventively programmed. Shadow is still in the lab, challenging himself, rarely compromising, exploring tangents, and putting his best foot forward more often than not. ■

RECORD REVIEW

Gene Clark
Roger McGuinn
Chris Hillman
David Crosby
Clarence White



AMY BLASCHKEBreaking the Blues
(Bird on a Lyre Records)

The idea that the internet killed regionalism is a popular myth, but music is not Walmart. Not yet, anyway. Not quite. You really only need to get out of your zip code to realize, despite the fact that everything is technically equally available to everyone everywhere, that bands from places have a strange tendency to sound like those places. Or maybe the principle operates in reverse.

Amy Blaschke, who is from Seattle but moved to Los Angeles a few years ago, represents an interesting corollary to this proposition. Her sixth and most accomplished album, *Breaking the Blues*, is a perfect tonal hybrid of those two cities, a gouache of burning orange sunset dotted with patches of dense, dark gray. Everyone loves to act like Seattle and LA couldn't be more different, but despair is where you find it.

Blaschke's old Northwest default mode—spare songs of icy melancholy—has developed into an enviable skill for subtly fleshed-out rock band arrangements that sound but don't *feel* country. (Or maybe *feel* but not sound? The signs are there, steel and slide, etc. But it's more Byrds in '66 than Byrds in '68.) And though the songs are about sad, interior stuff, the playing is brisk and inviting.

Her voice has settled back into a gentle, throaty tone that serves the intimate subject matter, much of which has to do with the dislocating properties of desire. But if her singing is vulnerable, it's also commanding. "I whisper when I say/Please take me over," she sings on "Under My Skin," a song about love as a kind of infection you don't want cured. It's the same dynamic that makes sad people listen to sad songs.

Later, on the title track, she adds this image: "My heart aches until my heart breaks." It may not be the most optimistic sentiment ever expressed, but it's hard to deny, no matter where you live. SEAN NELSON











MY PHILOSOPHY A COLUMN ABOUT HIPHOP



GUCCI MANE One embodiment of Black joy.

RE: Ian Connor and Gucci Mane—I Have Questions

BY LARRY MIZELL JR.

Modern "woke" raps—

with a few wonderful

exceptions—put me

soundly the fuck to

sleep 9 out of 10 times.

ast week, I went to bed thinking about my favorite story in hiphop (possibly ever): the apparently widespread internet rumor that the just-released Gucci Mane, having shed his iconic "Gucci belly" and now affecting a hilariously square manner of speech, was in fact a clone grown in a government lab.

Maybe it's hard for some to believe that a guy could look so different after spending a couple of years in prison—though for the life of me, I couldn't imagine why (especially among Gucci fans, who on the whole are more likely to have known someone "Fresh Out the Feds" than, say, your average Shark Face Gang member)—but I do not understand how an actual human being truly jumped to the conclusion that Gucci 2.0 is a clone.

Really? A clone? What, like Serpentor? Has anyone in the history of the world ever been accused of being a clone? (And does anything this fun happen in guitar-land anymore?) While I cherish the notion that this could happen only

to someone like "Wizop" (new alias alert), the rumor is too wonderfully ridiculous not to be a product of the deranged genius of Gucci himself. (Either way: He just put out a great single called "All My Children," boasting how he's the father to all the exciting stuff going, rapper/producer-wise, in Atlanta.)

But then—then!—I woke up ("Beautiful Morning...") to several videos of Ian Connor scrapping (?) with Theophilus London and A\$AP Bari at some in-store, while DONDA creative director Virgil Abloh and A\$AP Rocky both stood there looking away like Terio at Popeye's. This culminated in London voluminously shitting on Connor on Twitter. (How long till Kanye himself banishes Connor to live beyond the Wall in some Curry 1s?)

Connor's ouster from the rap fashion pantheon is delicious like those Sweetwater wings I ate last week (shout-out to the 313). Why, though, are dudes hype and indignant about this man, who has been accused of raping multiple women, *only after* some higher-status men strip him of his relevancy and protection, and after there's the smell of blood? Why want to activate on this issue only when it's time to

use your fists? You'd rightfully want to beat the shit out of the dude who raped your loved one—why don't you also beat it into the heads of your male loved ones that all women are people worthy of respect, and that they need to stop being misogynist pieces of shit? (And why aren't enough of us clearly showing that by example?)

Why is it easier to rat-pack somebody than to have that conversation and risk not sounding on-brand and un-Masculine™? Why is it that the same Masculine Myth Complex that produces shits like Ian Connor also makes men like Omar Mateen turn their blistering self-hate outside of themselves and into the flesh of innocent strangers?

Why do I listen to and promote music that doesn't question all this enough, anyway? Why do modern "woke" raps—with a

few wonderful exceptions—put me soundly the fuck to sleep 9 out of 10 times? Why did I finally successfully convince my quite-woke homegirl how great Future was? Answer: tons of irrefutable evidence, including the new DJ Esco and Fuch

tape Project E.T. (Esco Terrestrial).

Why are scared old white people—frightened to death of losing pole position, waxing nostalgic for whatever ol' days they considered good—freaking out and ruining everything for everybody else, here and across the pond?

What else is new?

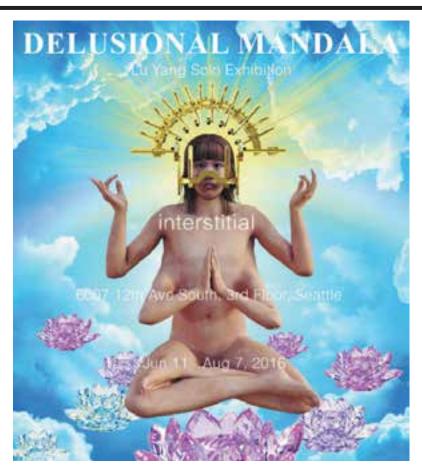
Why was it so, so great to see Skinny Gucci free—just to double back real quick—hugging his brilliant protégé Young Thug, both of 'em grinning big ol' gleaming-white Kool-Aid smiles, necks draped in diamonds? (Answer: Black joy, I tell ya. It's a beautiful sight)

And why, you might ask, am I wasting precious ink talking about rap gossip and not your tape (give me a sec) or the latest shows coming through (like, say, Royce 5'9" on Wednesday, June 29, at the Croc with Grafh, LA, and Mic Phenom—or Jacquees on Sunday, July 3, at Neumos with Tacoma's Will Jordan)? Ha, why you mad?

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THESTRANGER.COM/MUSIC





LU YANG Not mortal, not a deity, but altogether more challenging.

Good Art for Bad Dreams

Chinese Artist Lu Yang's Work Will Keep You Up All Night

BY JEN GRAVES

n the last week, I've been sitting on my couch at night, seeding my nightmares by compulsively rewatching art that could pass for a mad scientist's promotional video in some far cultish reach of the internet. Delusional Mandala is by the Shanghai artist Lu Yang, whose first Seattle show is up at the Interstitial gallery in Georgetown.

Interstitial is accessible only by a narrow set of creaky stairs. This tiny, independent gallery could hardly be farther from the 2015Venice Biennale, where Lu was the youngest of three artists to represent China. But Interstitial's DIY attic quality only adds to the effect of Delusional Mandala.

It's also perfect for the purposes of a DIY curator surveying a DIY art scene.

Julia Greenway is not credentialed by an institution. But the Seattle curator is able to organize an international survey by focusing on digital art that's instanta-

neously transferable across vast distances, and because she won a research travel grant from the New Foundation Seattle.

Last year, after closely following Chinese new media art from a distance, "I just went to China"—Hong Kong and Shanghai, specifically—"and networked my little heart out," Greenway told me. Lu is the first of several Chinese artists Greenway hopes to show at Interstitial in an unfolding series.

Greenway is the second independent curator to bring brilliant international new-media artists to Seattle recently: Julia Fryett, creator of the annual festival Black Box, is the

Delusional Mandala may have traveled smoothly and instantly across the wires to Seattle, but I picture even the wires being a little freaked out by it. It's cracked and cunning, fun to watch, and destined to reappear in bad dreams. (Literally, for me, last Wednesday.)

In past sculptures and videos, Lu has created a superhero called Uterus Man. Using actual neuroscientific discoveries, she has assumed the role of a scientist probing the brain

Delusional Mandala is Lu's proposal that a more perfectly tuned brain might be able to achieve a state beyond culture and nationality, beyond gender and physicality. But Lu operates right on the frontier between earnest

and tongue-in-cheek. There's an intentional madness in her work, a poetic frenzy of idealistic internet-era politics all mixed up with religion, science, technology, and

consumerism.

Lu Yang

Interstitia

Through Aug 7

The video begins with a scene of the 32-year-old artist appearing on her computer screen, ready to 3-D-scan herself. A grid of red lights rolls over her skull, penetrating and capturing it for reproduction. A vertical scan rides up through her legs and torso, worming into the tendriled black holes of her lungs, then her meaty heart.

Her 3-D avatar is born, ready to be enlightened/tortured/killed/reborn in a flying hearse.

The avatar has no breasts and no genitalia, is usually bald, and is often cloned. The mul-

tiples dance to cheap house music, forming a jerky, goofy trinity. Later, they appear as a triple-headed Hindu deity spinning in space. Lu makes more and more of them, forming mesmerizing mandalas.

A robot voice, translated into English text, describes the neuroscience behind two devices that are used on the avatar. The first is a halo of gold needles stabbed directly into the brain at exactly mapped points. Once the needles hit all the points, the avatar lights up, levels up, and becomes a god.

But the avatar's overstimulated brain hallucinates. We see icons from pre-Renaissance Christian art, from Hinduism (the studded golden halo is like Kali the Destroyer's headdress), from Shingon and Tibetan Buddhism, and also from science fiction, medieval torture, pop culture, Iroquois legend, and medical labs—cutting-edge technology that's minimally invasive but aspires to see all, map all, and manipulate consciousness, not just crude body mechanics.

In interviews, Lu says she doesn't live as a young Chinese woman in China but as someone beyond categories on the internet. What is the role of a physical body for a virtual being? What is the relationship between anatomy and ephemeral thoughts and emotions? Can poking a brain heal feelings? These are actual questions asked by scientists; Lu faces them in digital reinventions.

The avatar's body produces spiritual spinoffs. They achieve a god state but can't rest there, experiencing franticness, pain, and dying. The robot voice clinically describes the difference between body death and brain death as the avatar repeatedly falls through space as if off a tall building, smacking fatally to the ground.

In the scenes that follow the relentless deaths, the avatar's lobotomized smile is unforgettable. It flies by on Lu's multimedia carnival of a hearse.

Lu has transformed herself into something not mortal, not a deity. Her 3-D self is a daemon, maybe, or-more malignant-a demon. She's both creepy/scary and funny, the hearse flapping in the wind while the nightclub beats keep thumping.

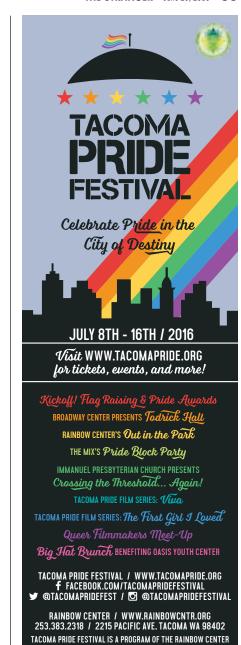
For a final, live-action video, Lu made an enormous kite of her head and flew it over an empty field. The video plays in a shrine-like enclosure in the center of Interstitial.

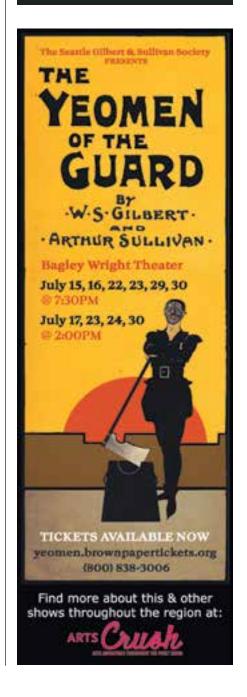
Greenway's planned succession of Chinese new media artists reminds me of Thinking Currents, the terrific Pacific Rim video survev that Afghan-born curator Leeza Ahmady created for last summer's Seattle Art Fair. Gestures like these broaden and diversify art in Seattle; it's great that the New Foundation supported Greenway, though it doesn't look like those fellowships will continue now that the foundation is downsizing.

I asked Greenway to send me a few of the names of other artists she met in China. Get online and watch one of Wong Ping's animations—maybe the story of the impotent man who waits in the bedroom closet while his wife does sex work. Or see Ying Miao's GIFs that are love poems to the websites China censors, products of what she calls her Stockholm syndrome as a prisoner of the Great Firewall.

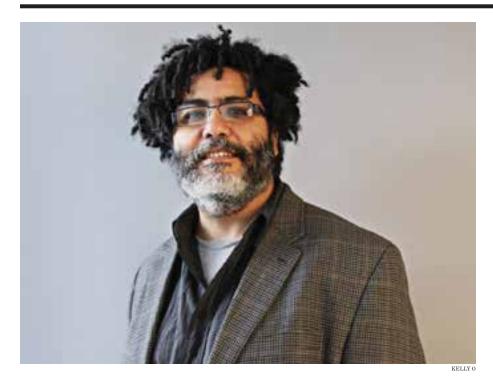
Whether they will appear at Interstitial is an open question. Greenway is still in talks with artists associated with the School of Creative Media at City University of Hong Kong and the institution Videotage.

But I'm excited. ■









Capitalism and Privilege Can't Thwart Romantic Desire in *The Consequences of My Body*

BY RICH SMITH

The Consequences

of My Body

by Maged Zaher

(Nightboat Books)

eople who haven't actually read a poem in a while often conflate the art with soft-focus romantic gushery. I blame Hallmark cards, poorly designed curricula, and, as long as I'm taking blind swipes at mainstream culture, the fact that

so many reach for poetry only when they want to send a potent sentence to some beloved at the spark of love or at the hour of death.

Among contemporary poets, however, there is anxiety about writing romantic love poetry. My former poetry professor at the University of Washington, Richard Kenney, once asked our class of poets to raise our hands if we had ever written a love poem. A few people raised their hands, including

my sentimental ass. Kenney then told us he'd asked that same question to another room full of poets, and that *none* of those people raised their hands. This fact depressed him.

It depresses me, too, but I get the students' hesitation. The cold blast of the Con-

ceptual movement rewarded irony, authorial remove, and other distancing tactics often incompatible with earnest sentiment. The welcome resurgence of what Cathy Park

Hong calls "the poetry of social engagement" framed the old tropes of the hunter/hunted, the beholder/beheld, and the subject/object present in lots of love poetry as clichéd permutations of rape culture.

And there's also the question of privilege. I

got 99 problems, etc. Poet and editor Morgan Parker discuses the intersections of privilege and romantic love poetry in a searching blog post she wrote for Harriet. "Maybe this love, this Shakespearean, Kate Hudson love, was not for me. Was not for black girls. Maybe love was another Nancy Meyers ideal, another privilege. Something for people who didn't have other things to worry about," she writes.

The persona behind Maged Zaher's latest book, The Consequences of My Body, shares a little of Parker's sentiment and a little of the students' hesitation. "Privilege / Determines / Loneliness" writes Zaher, a self-described descendent of Udhri, Arab love poets, who lives in Seattle and feels increasingly distant from his home of Cairo. These personal-historical facts, and his political awareness, circumscribe his ability to perform the rites of courtship. He wants to fall in love, but there are all these tanks everywhere. He wants to touch you-you the reader and "you" a romantic interest in the book—but his "boundaries are a mess." He wants to write you this poem, but the revolution failed.

The writings Zaher patches together across the book's five sections include tipsily written romantic e-mails, lyric poetry, prose poems, a little reflective essay on his aesthetic stance, translations of small poems by classical Arabic "chaste love" poets Abu Nuwas and Jamil Buthavna, and an untranslated poem written in Arabic script. Zaher's unmistakable plainspoken style binds together these disparate genres, creating a text that reads like a love letter written by a reluctant romantic. Along the way, his awareness of the politics of love help him dodge cliché and ultimately express a totally sentimental and sappy point: Hey beloved/reader/language, I know everything's fucked but I love you.

As is the case in his other books, Zaher deploys lines that are, for the most part, a series of declarative sentences spiked with theory and lashed together by associative logic. These kinds of sentences create a baseline tone of sagaciousness, which works best when cut with self-deprecation, humor, and a kind of stony-eyed realistic view often associated with nihilism, as in this poem:

Sex isn't an escape
It works for a while
If I stopped thinking of hope
And focused on your naked pictures
As I jerk off amid tanks
And imagine the coffee shop

Turning into an orgy
Tonight I can write the saddest lines

Sex won't work

We are left to combat the middle class

Here a lonely man comes to terms with the limits of his fantasy. He recognizes that sex and sexual fantasy provide some comfort, enough emotional room to "write the saddest lines" of poetry. Despite this, sex and poetry don't offer true liberation. Perhaps like religion, art and sex are opiates. Or maybe they're just useless. The only way to smack down the bourgeoisie and really engage with reality is through non-poetic forms of direct action, symbolized here by "mere hands."

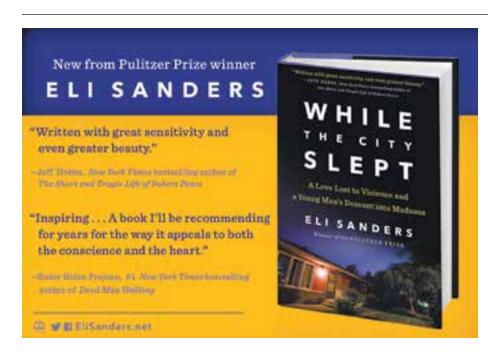
But this truth exists next to the truth that dumb desire persists, a fact Zaher alludes to in the funny closing gesture of the first section of the book: "Sex in airplanes is banal and cliché, sex in airports is the only meaningful thing to do before or after crossing security. Airports being asexual entities is a testimony to the oppressive morality of productivity we live under." I don't think Zaher is seriously advocating in this poem for boning in departure lounges, but this humorous assertion speaks to the futility of our continued attempts to deny the fact of human sexuality even in supposedly desexualized realms such as airports. Or politics.

Zaher plays the sexual desire as liberation/ sexual desire as prison tensions off of each other over the course of the book for a little too long, perhaps. There is coyness within this dialectic. The romantic e-mails, for instance, which are breathless missives full of anxious worries about coming on too strong despite strong romantic feelings, project a heart-onsleeve vulnerability that bucks the traditional notions of a man's role in courtship. However, expressing that kind of vulnerability is also a way to get laid. Ask any poet.

But Zaher seems to be aware of that fact, too: "This is not about seduction," he writes. "It is about hanging out tonight / surrounded by capitalism. It rains / And we call it love / This continuous threat of collapse." Ultimately, Zaher's awareness of the pitfalls of writing romantic poetry in a capitalist society with all of its attendant -isms allows him to refresh the whole mode. The lesson: Political awareness doesn't dampen romance, it saves it.

 $More\ typsily\ written\ romantic\ poetry\ at$

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FREE STATE OF JONES Watch the magical negroes heal Matthew McConaughey from his wounds that he received while badassing his way into exile.

Matthew McConaughey Can't Stop Being a Badass White Savior in Free State of Jones

BY IJEOMA OLUO

ver since the end of the first season of *True Detective*, I've really been wanting more Matthew McConaughey in my life. That charming half-smile. That creepy, hyper-intense stare. That unmistakable yet unplaceable Southern drawl. I don't care if it's laid-back, bongo drumming, all right, all right, all right McConaughey, or if it's riddle-speaking, indecipherable, slightly creepy, brooding McConaughey. I need more Matthew McConaughey.

You know what else I need? Black pain

and suffering. I need another movie focused on the brutalization of black bodies filtered through a Hollywood lens. I need the only faces on the screen that look like mine to be crying, screaming, or slack from the noose.

Dreams can come true. And they have come true in this 139-minute masterpiece of McConaughey-ness: *Free State of Jones*.

Watch Matthew McConaughey carry wounded Confederate soldiers off the battlefield. Watch Matthew McConaughey cradle one of his dying young kin in the midst of war. Matthew McConaughey knows this war is wrong and he will have no more of it.

Watch Matthew McConaughey badass his way into exile when he fights Confederate soldiers trying to take food and supplies from neighboring farms. Watch Matthew McConaughey's wife immediately be like, "Fuck this, I'm out" and disappear. Watch Matthew McConaughey not once ask what happened to her or their son.

Watch the magical Negroes heal Matthew McConaughey from his wounds that he received while badassing his way into exile. Don't watch them do much else until it's time for them to die.

Watch Matthew McConaughey repeatedly risk the lives of his new props-friends (escaped slaves/magical Negroes) so
that he can also save them.

Conaughe Watch

Watch

Free State of Jones

What was slavery like for dir. Gary Ross black people? Look at Matthew

McConaughey's tortured face as he thinks noth about how bad it must be and you will know. from

Watch Matthew McConaughey beat his chest and tear at his hair in anguish as time and time again, his friends and family are killed for his badassery.

Watch Matthew McConaughey slowly fall in love with a slave woman, with whom he will eventually enter into a common-law marriage.

Don't watch Matthew McConaughey mention that his to-be wife—the former slave Rachel—was not owned by a random white dude but by his own grandpa (as was the case with the actual Newton Knight—the guy who Matthew McConaughey is pretending to be in this film). They forgot to include that part.

Watch Matthew McConaughey teach former slaves how to read.

Watch greasy-haired Matthew McConaughey bravely stand up to all the bad white folks who don't approve of him consorting with black folk. Feel good, knowing that if you were alive during the Civil War, you would have been friends with black folk, too.

Wake up! Don't fall asleep! I know the Civil War part is over, but for some reason this film is still going. You don't want to miss Matthew McConaughey rescuing a black kid from indentured servitude.

Even though the war is over, Matthew McConaughey is not going to wash his hair, otherwise how else would you know that this is a SERIOUS film?

Watch all the white people abandon greasy-haired Matthew McConaughey because he can't stop badassing everywhere even though the war is over. Matthew McConaughey doesn't care, he can still badass with his black friends.

Watch Matthew McConaughey weep while clutching the feet of his black prop-friend who was beaten and hanged from a tree. You know it is horrible because there is a mutilated black body for us to stare at and Matthew McConaughey is very upset over it.

Watch Matthew McConaughey soldier on.

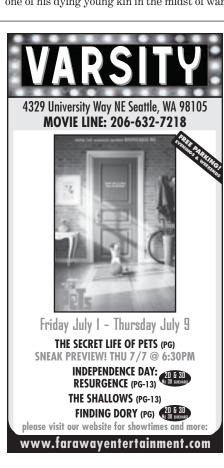
Because no matter how many injustices he has had to witness, no matter how many of his friends he has to bury,

nothing will stop Matthew McConaughey from badassing.

Don't watch Matthew McConaughey have children with one of Rachel's (yes, his wife Rachel) daughters after Rachel passes away, like Newton Knight did. That is not a Matthew McConaughey we want to see. Instead, watch Matthew McConaughey and Rachel walk off into the sunset together and feel good about this good white man who badassed against slavery and bigotry and saved/endangered a bunch of silent black props-friends.

Enjoy this film, White People, and yes, you are white, because this movie was definitely made for you-and I'm not sure why anybody nonwhite would want to watch it. Learn about the darkest period of our nation's history through the eyes of Matthew McConaughey. Watch Matthew McConaughey fight, run, lead, and cry, and know that you would never have been the racist caricatures that Matthew McConaughev fought, and you would also never have been the helpless, mostly silent, and always suffering black people whom Matthew Mc-Conaughey fought for. You would have been Matthew McConaughey—badass, greasyhaired Matthew McConaughey. Feel good about that.











Bob Kaufman's Mysterious Life

BY RICH SMITH

And When I Die.

I Won't Stay Dead

dir. Billy Woodberry

Northwest Film Forum,

S peaking to a crowd at the Festival of California Poets in 2007, poet and scholar Harryette Mullen introduced Bob Kaufman's woefully under-celebrated but critically acclaimed work by saying: "He often seems to be overlooked when people discuss African American poets, partly because he's a Beat writer. And he often seems to be left out of a lot of Beat history because

he was a Black writer." She concluded her brief introduction to the poet by adding, "He dedicated himself to the antithesis of a literary career."

June 29-July 2 Unlike Allen Ginsberg or Jack Kerouac, Kaufman's removal/liberation from mainstream bourgeois society by way of poetry wasn't arguably an attempt to join that society or remake it in his own image. But like many facts about Kaufman's life, the degree to which this removal was selfimposed remains a mystery. These mysteries remain mysterious, even after spending a long hour and half with Billy Woodberry's documentary on the enigmatic poet, And When I Die, I Won't Stay Dead.

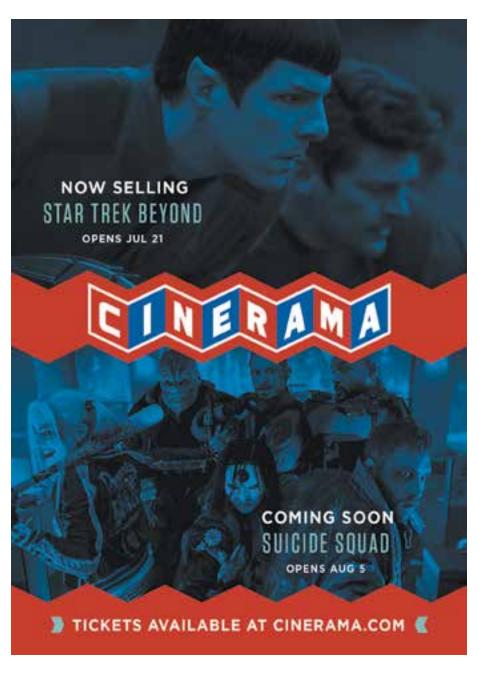
Over beers, ex-cool cat poets such as former San Francisco poet laureate Jack Hirschman spread Kaufman's legend as they heard it or experienced it, telling stories of the poet's involuntary electric-shock treatment, the fortunate coincidences that led to his publication, his vow of sort-of silence following the death of JFK, and the friends who saved his work from dissolving into pure air.

Both family and friends seem to believe their interactions with Kaufman amounted to a visitation. For some he was a silent angel, and for others he was a cigarette bum. To many women, he was a fly-by-night lover, an absent father—and for some a welcomely absent father. For the French, he was a genius—they called him "the black Rimbaud." For the canonical Beats, he wasn't "political"

> in the way they wanted him to be, says Hirschman. He seems to have embodied truth at the base of a paradox, a figure he obsessively employed in his hilarious and still-fresh poems.

And When I Die presents a mosaic of conflicting stories about Kaufman. This structure uses the poet's style as a guide to framing the story about him, which is clever and artful, but ultimately Woodberry fails to translate the liveliness and humor of Kaufman's poetry from the page to the screen. Though there are a few moments of visual humor in the doc, the overall tone is self-serious and reverential. (Think lots of poorly mixed jazz playing over old B-roll of San Francisco streets.)

My advice to you: Watch the trailer for this documentary, which accomplishes the film's larger mission but in a much shorter period of time. Then read the rest of "Abomunist Manifesto," Solitudes Crowded with Loneliness, and The Ancient Rain. All of that might take you twice the time of watching the documentary, but you'll get a fuller feeling of the poet's genius. ■





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 $\textbf{TRAVIS KUKULL} \ He \ wants \ Seattle \ food \ to \ be \ ``creative \ and \ individualistic," \ but \ diners$ want something more conventional.

Seattle's Food Scene **Just Got Less Weird** and Interesting

Chef Travis Kukull Has Left Mollusk BY ANGELA GARBES

wo weeks ago, I sat on a barstool at South Lake Union's restaurant/brewery Mollusk, enthralled by a sandwich. Though it was called the "Seattle Dog," it bore little resemblance

Mollusk

803 Dexter Ave N.

403-1228

to our city's signature hot dog made with cream cheese and a squishy bun. Instead. chef Travis Kukull took a house-made Malawi-spiced lamb sausage, fragrant with coriander and red chilies, tucked it into a soft baguette (also made in-house), and slathered it with a dusty pink smoked pa-

prika cream cheese. Between the gamy spiced meat and tangy cream cheese, there was plenty of flavor. But Kukull didn't stop there, instead adding layers of heat, sweetness, sourness, and

spice—pickled fresno chilies, purple cabbage kraut, dark caramelized onions, a gritty curry ketchup, and Kewpie mayonnaise. It was thrilling-sloppy, intense, almost too much, and somehow not nearly enough.

Since Mollusk's opening in late October of 2015, the bold and playful menu created $\,$ by Kukull, along with former chef de cuisine Kim Sturts and pastry chef Tanya Hoang, introduced Seattle diners to unfamiliar ingredients and flavor combinations. Last winter, I enthusiastically devoured Kukull's version of fish 'n' chips, made not with deep-fried cod and potatoes but an oily, $\operatorname{cartilage-rich}$ grilled yellowtail collar, and delicate chips made from lotus roots and sunchokes.

Kukull's menu challenged people. During the same meal. I looked around the large dining room to see several tables of customers who were thoroughly confused by his "Nachos Picasso," made with delicata squash chips, Super Titi garlic crackers (a popular Indonesian snack), smoked avo-

> cado crème frâiche, Padrón peppers, and blue cheese. It was clearly not the platter of nachos people were expecting.

"The food I create is the way I want Seattle to be and eat,"

Kukull told me last week, just days after announcing that he would be stepping down as chef of Mollusk. "I want it to be weird and creative and individualistic. When I eat someone's food, I want to know that that it's specifically that chef's food. I want this town to be supportive of things that are different, not just the traditional idea of 'success."

The culinary landscape of South Lake Union is dominated by typical models of success. Its streets are lined with chains such as Homegrown and Chipotle, as well as eateries from chefs Tom Douglas, Ethan Stowell. and Josh Henderson, who oversee restaurant empires. South Lake Union is a rapidly developing area of tech offices and high-end









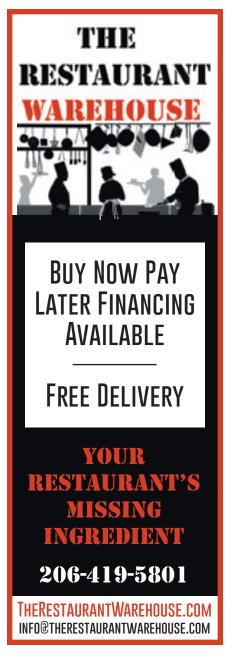
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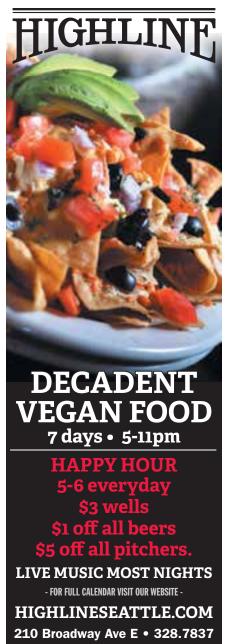
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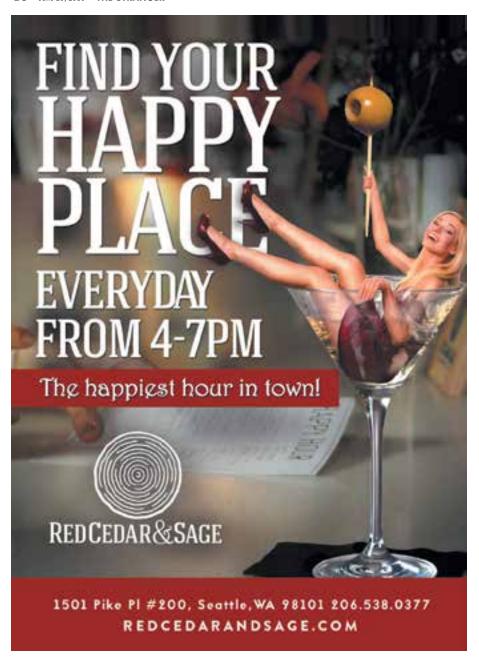
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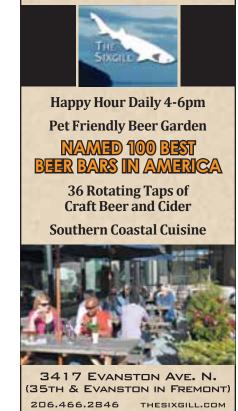
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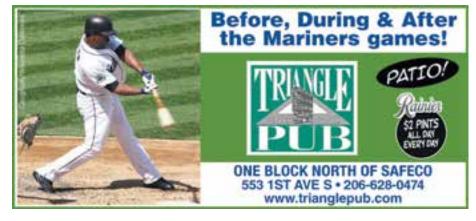














and is not available directly through retailer.







"The food I

create is the way

I want Seattle to

be and eat."

apartments. Kukull and his business partner, Cody Morris, Mollusk's brewmaster, found neighborhood diners unreceptive to Kukull's nontraditional food.

"Most of the feedback was: 'Could you please make it so we understand this?" 'Could you make it cheaper?" 'Could you make it more conventional?" Kukull said. "That's what the neighborhood wants. Some of the larger companies like Facebook and Amazon, they want to come down here for their afterwork parties, but they just want conventional pub grub."

Kukull tried to develop a menu of burgers and fries. But, he conceded, "I don't even know how to do that. Even when I try, I make it weird somehow. What I'm doing is obviously not working in this neighborhood. So I decided to stop.

"[My leaving] comes out of caring for this business," said the chef, who still maintains his ownership and financial stake in Mollusk. "Some people may not see it that way, but I really do want this place to succeed."

When Kukull and Mor-

ris opened their first venture, Gastropod, in a tiny space tucked away in an industrial corner of Sodo in 2013, they found an audience hungry and thirsty for their oddball creations. Kukull's menu included kimchi scones, bubble tea pie, and an ever-changing okonomiyaki—a savory Japanese griddled pancake-versions of which included asparagus and mochi with hearts of palm salad and wasabi mayonnaise, as well as blackened broccoli and abalone topped with barbecue sauce and fish-sauce-infused mayonnaise. Customers eagerly washed Kukull's creations down with Morris's signature sour blonde ale, called Partytime!!!, and other beers brewed with ingredients such as black lemons, coriander, rooibos tea, and beets.

Gastropod was where I went to be bewildered, and often moved, by creativity.

When Kukull and Morris closed Gastropod in 2015 to open the much larger and more ambitious Mollusk, they were filled with hope. They would be in the center of the city, not hidden away near kitchen-supply stores. Morris would brew beer in a higher-volume, state-of-the art digital system, and Kukull, who had been cooking with just a few butane burners and a convection oven, would have a full kitchen with eight burners, a grill, and a deep fryer.

Even before its opening, Mollusk was enthusiastically reported on by food news site Eater Seattle. After a few months, it received a favorable review in the Seattle Times. Kukull and Morris were prepared to be busy all the time. "What I wasn't prepared for was to be dumping money out the window," Kukull

He laughed and then grew quiet. He looked me straight in the eye as he told me he was laughing only because he couldn't think of any other way to get through what was happening.

Mollusk is on Dexter Avenue, currently full of backhoes, jackhammers, orange construction signs, and congested traffic. It's located in the True North building, "the only apartment community in Seattle with a bouldering wall." Across the street is the newly opened Juxt, where a 496-square-foot studio costs \$1,815 a month.

Through an event Mollusk has been doing at Juxt. Kukull has met some of its residents. most of whom are recent college graduates renting their first apartments.

"While there are a lot of people coming into this neighborhood, they need time to develop a sense of safety, of wanting to go out, being part of a culture, and helping create

that culture," Kukull says. "But right now, they're not sure what they should do."

Kukull tells me that when his mother-in-law ate dinner at Mollusk a few months ago, she saw a Pizza Hut delivery vehicle pull up to Juxt eight times.

"They've got these great communal areas with flat-screen televisions and pool tables," he said. "Why would you ever need to go out?"

Morris says that, while overall business has been slower than he'd like, Mollusk's bar and beer service have been successful. It's "a little easier" with beer—it's already brewed, and customers can sample different beers until they find one that they like.

Morris's current tap list includes a nettle pale ale, a delicious dry green tea lager called Biru Sencha, a sweet-and-sour rye farmhouse ale called Grit, and a potent stout brewed with oyster shells called Briny Deep. (For all of these inventive beers, Mollusk's best sellers remain its IPA, called It's Pretty Awesome, and tavern lager, the Dexter Daily.)

With Kukull gone, Mollusk's new chef is Austin Alberda, who worked under Kukull as lead line cook. Alberda will create a "more conventional and more approachable menu."

If a more traditional menu helps keep Mollusk afloat and allows Morris to continue brewing his inspired beers, I'll take it. We need to support Seattle's culinary creativity however we can.

As for Kukull, he's spending the summer cooking in Alaska and will return to Seattle in the fall. He's not sure what he'll do next, but he retains the rights to the Gastropod name.

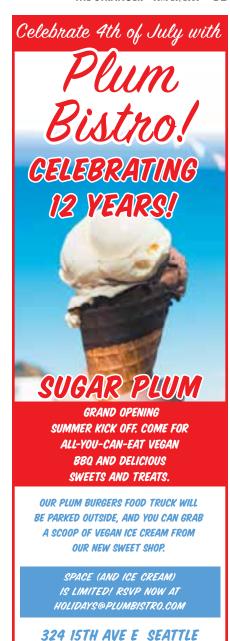
"I'm proud of what I've done. I owned one of the greatest little cult restaurants in Seattle," Kukull said. "If I could find someone who wants to invest in me, in the right neighborhood with the right food traffic, I'd open it up again." ■

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THESTRANGER.COM/CHOW











20 STRANGER GENIUS AWARD NOMINEE...



TEXT BY SEAN NELSON / PHOTO BY KELLY O

Hardly Art!

The history of Seattle independent record labels is a long saga of early promise and even early success undone by changing times, overreaching, or simple running out of luck. In the shadow of that history, the smart, steady rise of Hardly Art represents a beautiful refusal to be bound by other people's misfortunes.

Going from humble beginnings as a mere Sub Pop incubator/ imprint in 2007 to becoming the definitive record of Seattle indie pop's sound and spirit (a little bit rainbow, a little bit gutter) in 2016 is no small accomplishment. The fact that Hardly Art did that during the decade in which the decline of the music biz transformed from rumor into headlong certainty verges on the miraculous.

All credit goes to the curatorial instincts and promotional fol-

low-through of general manager Sarah Moody (center), publicist Jason Baxter (right), and digital sales and media coordinator Matt Kolhede (left), who have shown a knack for nurturing the potential of local feminist melodic punk bands. They often sound akin but rarely sound alike. These include Tacocat, Chastity Belt, La Luz, S, and Gazebos. Out-of-town stars Shannon and the Clams, Protomartyr, Colleen Green, and (most recently) Kathleen Hanna's band the Julie Ruin help enlarge and enliven the context.

Hardly Art is one of three organizations nominated for a Stranger Genius Award this year, alongside 12 individual artists. All 15 will be celebrated at the free Stranger Genius Awards party on September 24 at the Moore Theatre. Five of them will go home with \$5,000 each. To see everyone nominated this year, go to thestranger.com/genius2016.

FREE WILL ASTROLOGY

For the Week of June 29

ARIES (March 21–April 19): During winter, some bears spend months hibernating. Their body temperatures and heart rates drop. They breathe drowsily. Their movements are minimal. Many hummingbirds engage in a similar slowdown—but they do it every single night. By day they are among the most manic creatures on earth, flapping their wings and gathering user most main: Clearures or learn, riapping their wings, and gathering sustenance with heroic zeal. When the sun slips below the horizon, they rest with equal intensity. In my estimation, Aries, you don't need a full-on immersion in idleness like the bears. But you'd benefit from a shorter stint, akin to the hummingbird's period of dormancy.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): "Dear Dr. Brezsny: A psychic predicted who to septin 20-may 20). Dear bl. Design, a psychic predicted that sometime this year I will fall in love with a convenience store clerk who's secretly a down-on-his-luck prince of a small African country. She said that he and I have a unique destiny. Together we will break the world's record for dancing without getting bitten in a pit of cobras while drunk on absinthe on our honeymoon. But there's a problem. I idin't have time to ask the psychic how I'll meet my soulmate, and I can't afford to pay \$250 for another reading. Can you help?—Mopey Taurus." Dear Mopey: The psychic lied. Neither she nor anyone else can see what the future will bring you. Why? Because what happens will be largely determined by your your action. be largely determined by your own actions. I suggest you celebrate this fact. It's the perfect time to do so: July is Feed Your Willpower Month.

GEMINI (May 21–June 20): Of all the concert pianos in the world, 80 percent of them are made by Steinway. A former president of the company once remarked that in each piano, "243 taut strings exert a pull of 40,000 pounds on an iron frame." He said it was "proof that out of great tension may come great harmony." That will be a potential or great tension may come great harmony. That will be a potential talent of yours in the coming weeks, Gemini. Like a Steinway piano, you will have the power to turn tension into beauty. But will you actually accomplish this noble goal, or will your efforts be less melodious? It all depends on how much poised self-discipline you summon.

CANCER (June 21-July 22): Once upon a time, weren't you the maste CANCER (June 21-July 22): Once upon a time, weren't you the master builder who never finished building your castle? Weren't you the exile who wandered aimlessly while fantasizing about the perfect sanctuary of the past or the sweet safety zone of the future? Didn't you perversely nurture the ache that arose from your sense of not feeling at home in the world? I hope that by now you have renounced all of those kinky inclinations. If you haven't, now would be an excellent time to do so. How might you reinvest the mojo that will be liberated by the demise of those bad habits?

LEO (July 23-Aug 22): In accordance with the astrological omens, I have selected three aphorisms by poet James Richardson to guide you. Aphorism #1: "The worst helplessness is forgetting there is help." My commentary: You have the power to avoid that fate. Start by identifying the sources of healing and assistance that are available to you. Aphorism #2: "You do not have to be a fire to keep one burning." My commentary: Generate all the heat and light you can, yes, but don't torch your self. Aphorism #3: "Patience is not very different from courage. It just takes longer." My commentary: But it may not take a whole lot longer

VIRGO (Aug 23-Sept 22): You may not know this, but I am the founder and CEO of Proud to Be Humble, an acclaimed organization devoted to minimizing vanity. It is my sworn duty to protest any ego that exceeds the acceptable limits as defined by the Geneva Convention on Narcissism. However, I now find myself conflicted. Because of the lyrical beauty and bighearted charisma that are currently emanating from your ego, I am unable, in good conscience, to ask you to tone yourself down. In fact, I hereby grant you a license to expand your self-love to unprecedented proportions. You may also feel free to unleash a series

LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 22): The next twenty-eight days will not be a favorable period to sit around passively wishing to be noticed. Nor wi it be a good time to wait to be rescued or to trust in others to instigate desirable actions. On the other hand, it will be an excellent phase to be an initiator: to decide what needs to be done, to state your intentions concisely, and to carry out your master plan with alacrity and efficiency. To help ensure your success during the next twenty-eight days, make this declaration each morning before breakfast: "I don't want to OBSERVE the show. I want to BE the show."

SCORPIO (Oct 23–Nov 21): "In life, as in bicycling, pedal when you have to, coast when you can." So says author James Lough, and now I'm passing on his advice to you—just in time for your transition from the heavy-pedaling season to the coasting-is-fun phase. I suspect that at this juncture in your life story you may be a bit addicted to the heavy pedaling. You could be so accustomed to the intensity that you're inclined to be suspicious of an opportunity to enjoy ease and grace. Don't be like that. Accept the gift with innocent gratitude.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): "When a jet flies low overhead, every glass in the cupboard sings," writes aphorist James Richardson.
"Feelings are like that: choral, not single; mixed, never pure." That's always true, but it will be intensely true for you in the coming weeks. I hope you can find a way to tolerate, even thrive on, the flood of ambiguous complexity. I hope you won't chicken out and try to pretend that your feelings are one-dimensional and easily understandable. In my opinion, you are ripe to receive rich lessons in the beauty and powe

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19): Pop artist Andy Warhol said that in the future, everyone would be famous for fifteen minutes. His idea had a resonance with the phrase "nine days' wonder," which as far back a resonance with the pinase in line days wontier, which as an Jack as Elizabethan times referred to a person or event that captured the public's fascination for a while. You Capricorns are entering a phase when you're far more likely than usual to bask in the spotlight. Between now and September 2017, I bet you'll garner at least a short burst of glory, acclaim, or stardom-perhaps much more. Are you ready for our close-up? Have you prepped for the influx of attention that may

AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18): One of my readers, Jay O'Dell, told me this story: "After my cancer surgery, a nurse said to me, 'You may as well try magical thinking. Regular thinking hasn't helped.' I said to the nurse, Well, why the hell not?' That was seven years ago." In bringing O'Dell's testimony to your attention, I don't mean to suggest you will have any health problems that warrant a strong dose of magical thinking. Not at all. But you may get wrapped up in a psychological twist or a spiritual riddle that would benefit from magical thinking. And what exactly is magical thinking? Here's one definition: The stories that unfold in your nation have important effects on what actually happens to you

PISCES (Feb 19-March 20): Let's talk about X-factors and wild cards and strange attractors. By their very nature, they are unpredictable and ephemeral, even when they offer benevolent breakthroughs. So you reprieting a veen in the profile delevole the dead thoughts. So you may not even notice their arrival if you're entranced by your expectations and stuck in your habitual ways. But here's the good news, Pisces: Right now you are not unduly entranced by your expectations or stuck in your habits. Odds are high that you will spy the sweet twists of fate the X-factors and wild cards and strange attractors—as they float into view. You will pounce on them and put them to work while they're still fresh. And then they will help you hike your ratings or get the funding ed or animate the kind of love that heals.

SEATTLE ARTFAIR AUGUST 4-7, 2016

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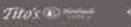
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